

JANUARY

NO. 20

10¢

CRACK COMICS

ABOVE THE CITY THE BLACK CONDOR CARRIES
THE SCREAMING HINDU... RELEASE MEANS
UGLY, INSTANT
DEATH.....



THE CLOCK



SPITFIRE



MOLLY THE MODEL



ALIAS THE SPIDER





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

The

BLACK CONDOR

By Louis
K. Fine,

ACTING THE STRANGE DUAL ROLE OF A DEAD U.S. SENATOR AND ALSO HIS OWN WINGED PERSON, THE BLACK CONDOR'S DOUBLE IDENTITY IS KNOWN ONLY TO HIS FRIEND, DR. FOSTER. EVEN HIS FIANCEE, WENDY FOSTER, DOES NOT SUSPECT.

IN THE PERSON OF THE DEAD SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, THE BLACK CONDOR REACHES FROM A TAXI BEFORE THE WAR DEPARTMENT...

THEN, AS WENDY AND DR. FOSTER ALSO PEER AT THE HEADLINES...

PAPER, BOY!!

WAR OFFICE ROBBERED?? AND SEVERAL CLERKS HAVE LATELY SUFFERED FROM LOSS OF MEMORY..

LOSS OF MEMORY? THAT'S STRANGE! DO YOU THINK SOME UNNATURAL FORCE IS...

WAR OFFICE VAULT
ROBBED OF DOCUMENTS
F.B.I. BAFFLED

THE CAR IS HALTED IN TRAFFIC..



AS TOM AND WENDY TAKE IN A SHOW



INSIDE THE THEATER...





GOTTA GET THIS MUG OUTA THE WAY NOW...



THE SENATOR'S LIMP FORM IS PUSHED INTO A PACKING BOX...



SOON AFTER.....

ABOUT TIME... ISN'T IT, HARRY?

TWO MINUTES!

WHILE INSIDE A LARGE NEARBY DEPARTMENT STORE... MANIKINS STAND MUTELY...

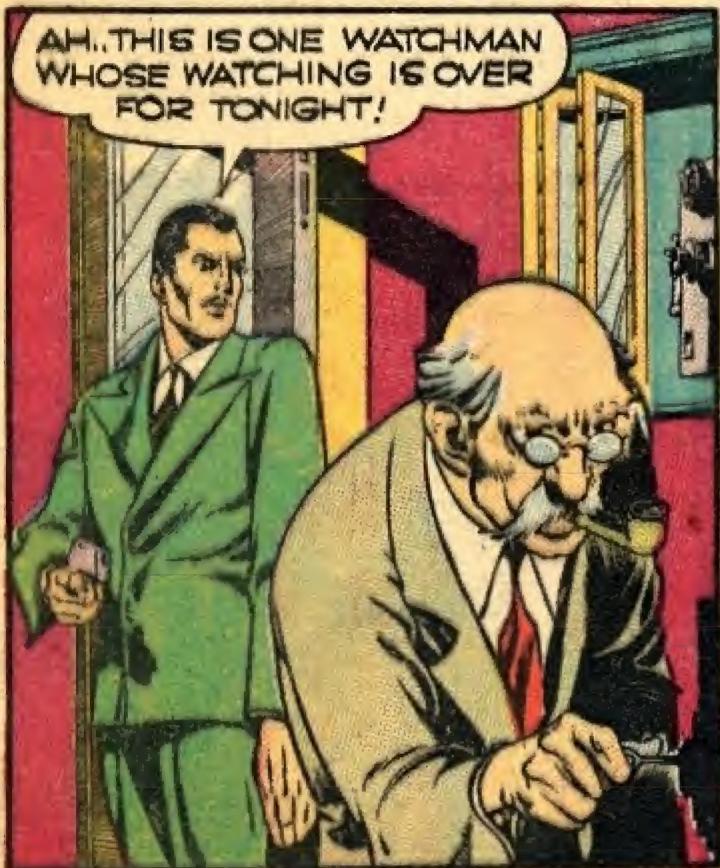


SUDDENLY THEY SPRING TO LIFE...



OKAY, BOYS!! WE GET THE WATCHMAN FIRST!

GUNS ARE DRAWN AND THERE IS MUFFLED ACTIVITY...



AH..THIS IS ONE WATCHMAN WHOSE WATCHING IS OVER FOR TONIGHT!



EASY, GRAN'PA! NOT A PEEP OUTA YOU OR....

S.. SAY....



AS SEVERAL OF THE MEN WORK
TO OPEN THE STORE'S VAULT...

WHAT A CINCH! I
COULD OPEN THIS WITH
ME EYES SHUT!

WELL...
DO IT!!



BEHIND THE STORE THE
SEDAN IS LOADED WITH FURS

AN' WE GOT
THEIR PAYROLL,
BOSS... OVER
TWO HUNDRED
GRAND!!

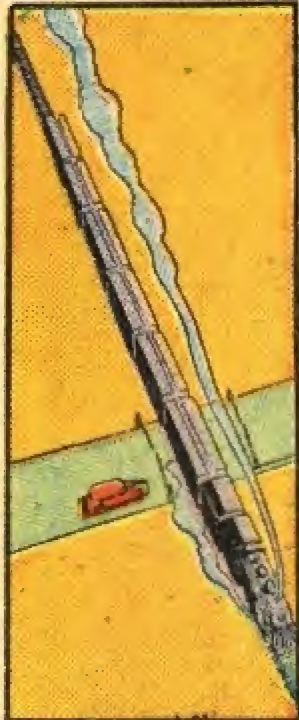
NICE
GOIN'!



OKAY... ALL SET?
LET'S SCRAM!



WHILE ON A
FAST-MOVING
TRAIN...



THE STUNNED SENATOR
WRIGHT STIRS TO LIFE..

WOW! MY HEAD IS
LIKE A BALLOON... AND
THIS CRATE DOESN'T
HELP MY COMFORT!



GOT TO GET OUT
OF THIS WOODEN
KIMONA... SO...



THESE BABIES ARE NO
LONGER DEALING WITH TOM
WRIGHT.. BUT THE BLACK
CONDOR!



LIKE FLIMSY PAPER THE BOX
GIVES WAY AS THE FLYING-MAN
BURSTS FORTH..



THIS
"SHIPMENT"
WILL
BACKFIRE!

HMM.. WE'RE IN THE
SHOW BUSINESS.. MAYBE
I CAN BE ANOTHER ACTOR
IN THIS LITTLE DRAMA!



FREIGHT CAR DOORS ONLY
LOOK STRONG... BUT THIS
RAY PISTOL SOFTENS 'EM...





MEANWHILE..THE CROOKED JASPAR CROW AND MYSTO THE MAGICIAN LEAVE A PLANE AT LA GUARDIA FIELD, NEW YORK..



AS THE HINDU COMES TO THE CLOSING OF HIS ACT....

FROM A HAT A SWARM OF PIGEONS ARE SENT WINGING OVER THE AUDIENCE... FLYING AMONG THEM IS THE BLACK CONDOR.....





THE BLACK CONDOR, NOW AS SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, HURRIES TOWARD CROW'S ROOM....



CROW'S CAB GRINDS TO A STOP
AT THE WATERFRONT...

HURRY, YOU GUYS! WE'VE
ONLY GOT A MATTER OF
MINUTES!



TOM WRIGHT ROARS TO A HALT...

THEY'RE GONE.. BUT WHERE?
THE WHARF IS DESERTED...



HMM.. SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR-
BOAT... BUT NO BOAT IN SIGHT
IN THIS HARBOR...



THAT BIG SEWER OUTLET!!
THAT MIGHT TELL ME
SOMETHING!



AGAIN THE MILD SENATOR WRIGHT
BECOMES THE DREADED BLACK
CONDOR....

I SEEM TO SMELL TROUBLE
ALREADY...



AND FAR AHEAD IN THE SEWER
TUNNEL, CROW AND MYSTO ROAR
ALONG IN A MOTORBOAT...



ARE YOU SURE YOU
PUT THAT BANK GUARD
UNDER THE SPELL,
MYSTO...

THE GREAT
MYSTO
NEVER
FAILS,
JASPAR!

INSIDE NEW YORK'S GREATEST BANK,
A UNIFORMED MAN USES A TORCH...



THIS GRILL WAS SOFTER THAN
I THOUGHT... BUT I GOTTA
GO EASY WITH THESE HERE
EXPLOSIVES!



A DISTANT BLAST ROCKS THE
TUNNELS....

AN EXPLOSION! AHEAD...
THINGS ARE GETTING WARM!



WHAT'S THIS?! WHY, I'M RIGHT UNDER THE NEW YORK EXCHANGE BANK! SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT...



THEN, BLASTING UP THROUGH A MANHOLE COVER TO THE STREET COMES THE BLACK CONDOR

SORRY TO FRIGHTEN THE GOOD CITIZENS, BUT...



I'LL JUST SWOOP DOWN AND BLAST THAT BANK ALARM WITH MY RAY PISTOL...



THE ALARM GOES OFF WITH A WILD, INSISTANT CLAMOR..



IT'S THE EXCHANGE BANK! IMAGINE MUGS NERVY ENOUGH T'THINK THEY CAN TAP THAT VAULT!



NOT HEARING THE ALARM, CROW AND HIS MEN LOAD MILLIONS IN GOLD INTO THEIR BOAT....

THAT'S ALL.. YOU GO GET OUR BANK GUARD, MYSTO...



QUICK, FELLOW... COME! WE'RE GETTING AWAY!

STOP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



YOU POLICE STOP! I COMMAND YOU!



AND IN GROTESQUE RUNNING POSES THE POLICE FREEZE TO THE SPOT...



THE BOAT'S GONE... COME, GUARD... WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!

AS CROW'S BOAT SPEEDS OUT FROM THE SEWER OPENING THE BLACK CONDOR IS PERCHED ABOVE..



SO! MYSTO ISN'T WITH THEM!

HA! THEY SEE THE POLICE THAT I HAD STATIONED THERE... WELL, THEY'RE TAKEN CARE OF!



VERY QUIET AROUND THIS FRONT OF THE BANK!!



AS THE BLACK CONDOR ENTERS HE SEES THE STATUE-LIKE POLICEMEN....



JUST AS I THOUGHT... MYSTO PUT 'EM TO SLEEP!.. AND STANDING UP!

SOON AFTER....

AH..THERE GOES MY PAL MYSTO.. HEADING FOR THAT PIER!



UP WE GO! FOR YOUR SECOND FLYING LESSON, MYSTO.. AND MAYBE YOUR LAST!!



SPARE ME! SPARE ME! I DID NOTHING!

HERE!! I'LL DROP YOU DOWN IN THAT WATER RIGHT BESIDE THOSE NICE POLICEMEN!!!



I'LL DROWN! I'LL DROWN!!

ONCE AGAIN AS SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, THE BLACK CONDOR SCANS NEWS HEADLINES...



READ ALL ABOUT IT!! MYSTO DROPS OUT OF SKY INTO HANDS OF POLICE! READ IT!!

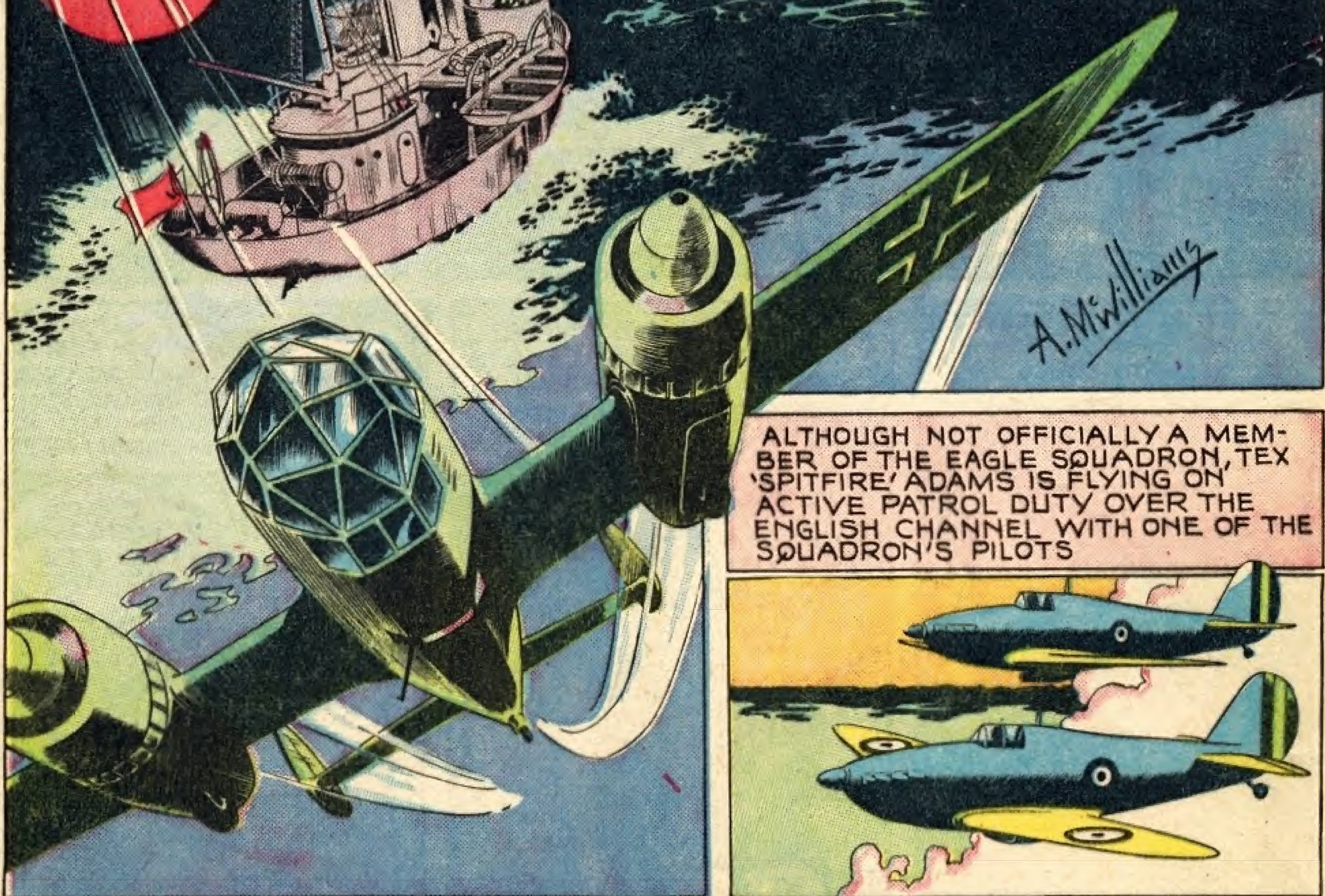
WORLD NEWS
HINDU MYSTIC
BEHIND MANY BIG
ROBBERIES

SORRY ABOUT LEAVING YOU IN THE THEATER, WENDY... I WAS KIDNAPPED BY MYSTO AND CROW..

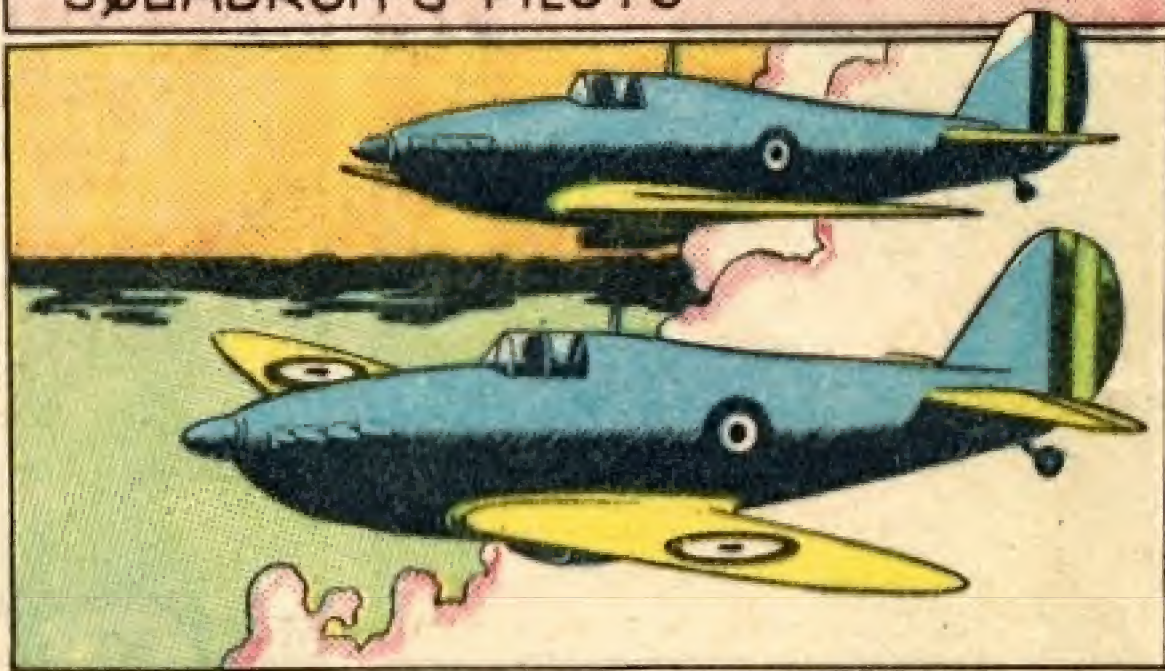
YES DEAR.. I READ OF MYSTO... HE HYPNOTIZED PEOPLE AND MADE CROOKED MANIKINS OF THEM.. BUT THE BLACK CONDOR FIXED HIM!



SPITFIRE



ALTHOUGH NOT OFFICIALLY A MEMBER OF THE EAGLE SQUADRON, TEX 'SPITFIRE' ADAMS IS FLYING ON ACTIVE PATROL DUTY OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL WITH ONE OF THE SQUADRON'S PILOTS



IT'S SO PEACEFUL UP HERE THAT IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THERE'S A WAR GOING ON



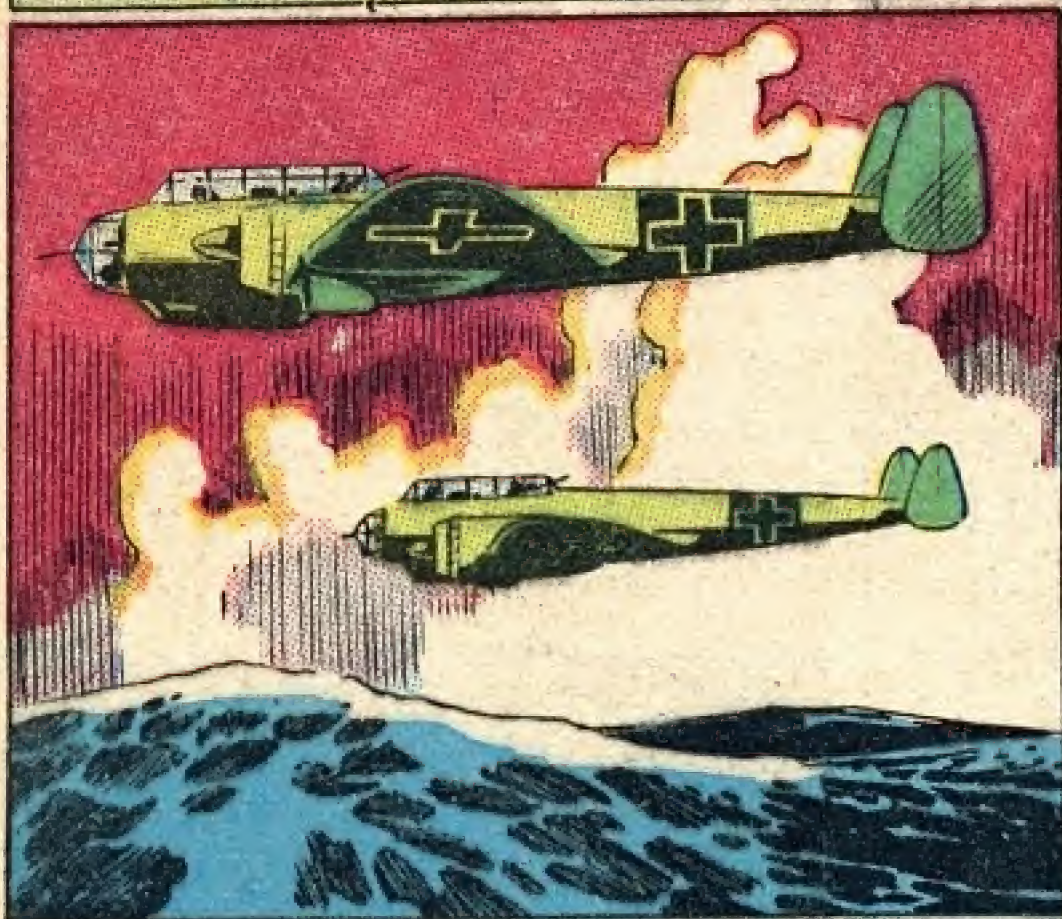
HM-M...THERE'S A TRAWLER DOWN BELOW...THOSE FELLOWS HAVE A TOUGH JOB



OH, OH...I WONDER IF JIM LAWRENCE, IN THE OTHER PLANE, SEES WHAT I SEE...!!

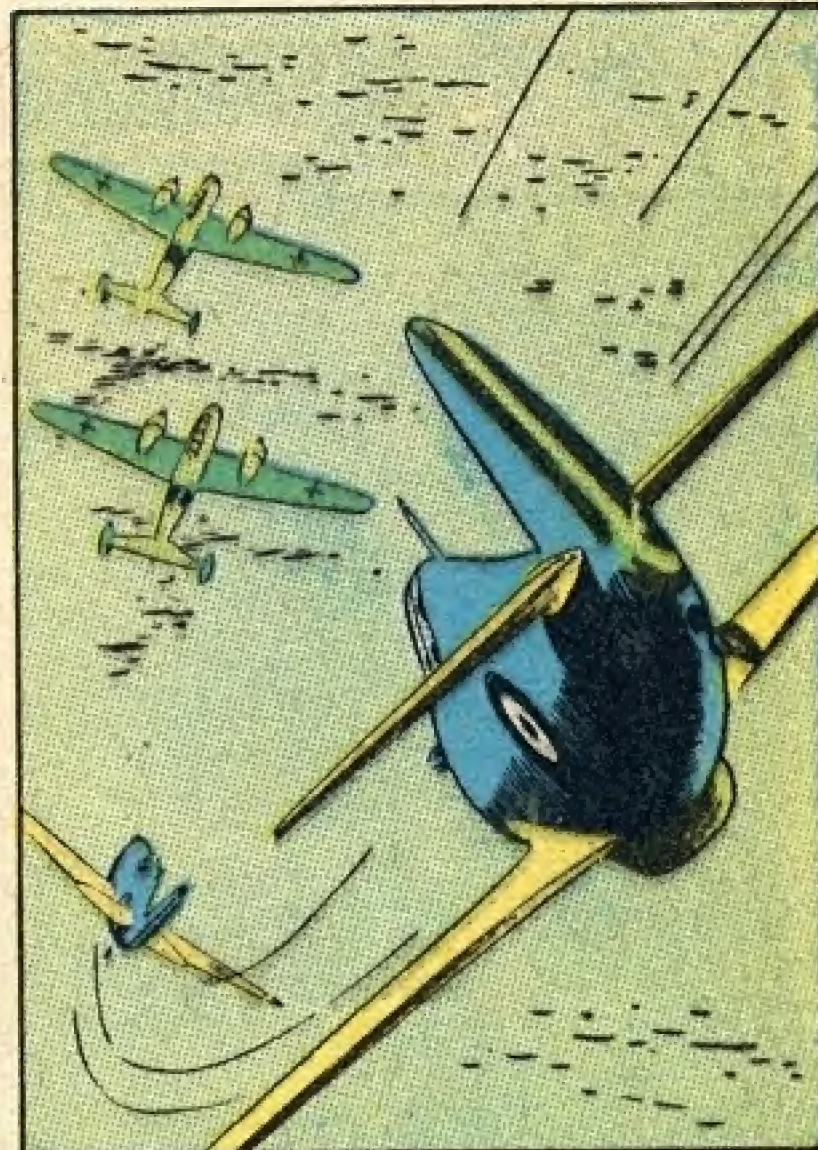


TWO GERMAN DORNIERS ARE HURTLING ALONG, JUST SKIMMING THE WAVE TOPS... BENT ON ATTACKING THE CLUMSY TRAWLER



--AND JIM LAWRENCE SEES THEM TOO--

I SAY, TEX, THOSE JERRY BLIGHTERS DON'T SEE US OR THEY WOULDN'T BE PLAYING WITH THAT TRAWLER--LET'S GO DOWN AND SURPRISE 'EM

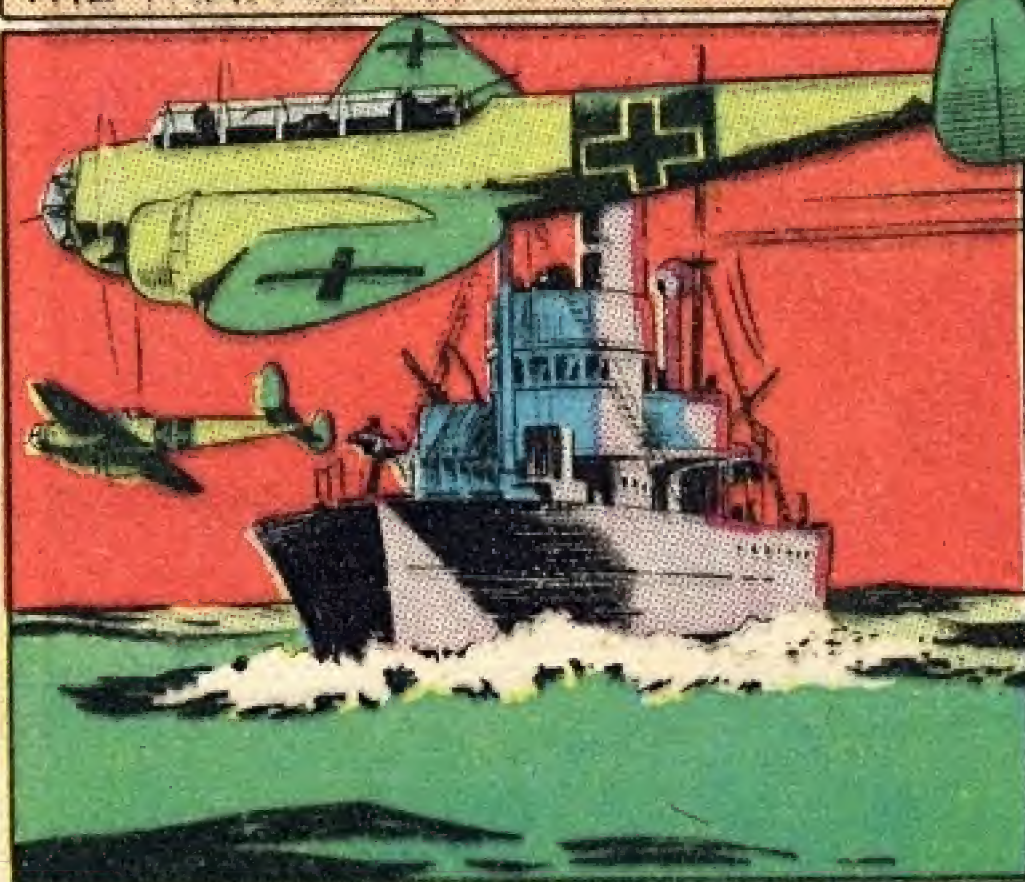


AS HE GOES INTO THE DIVE, TEX SEES A STRANGE THING --

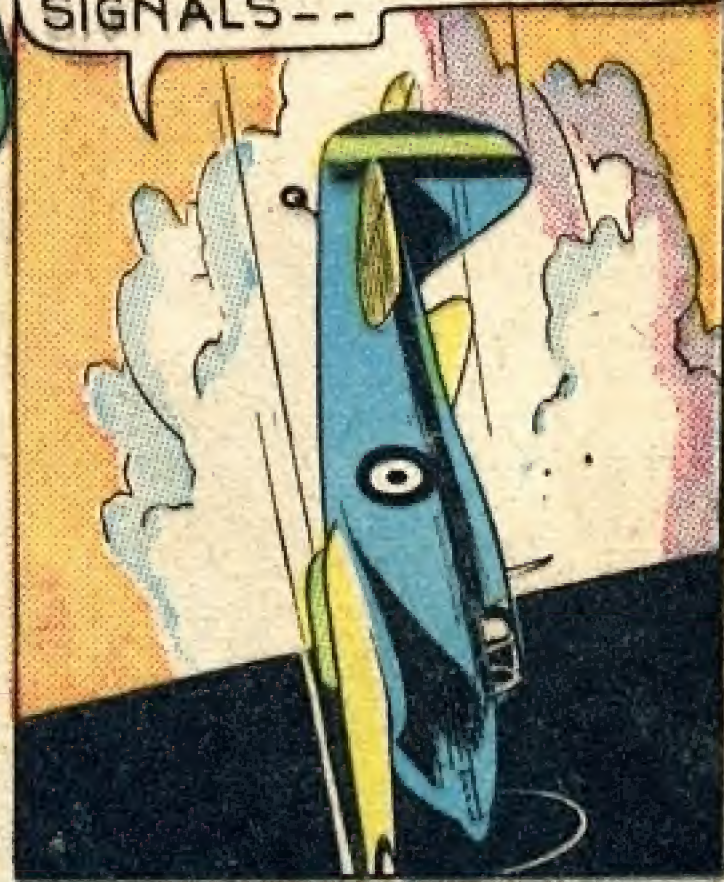
THAT'S FUNNY-- SOMEONE'S FLASHING SIGNALS FROM THE BRIDGE OF THE SHIP...!!



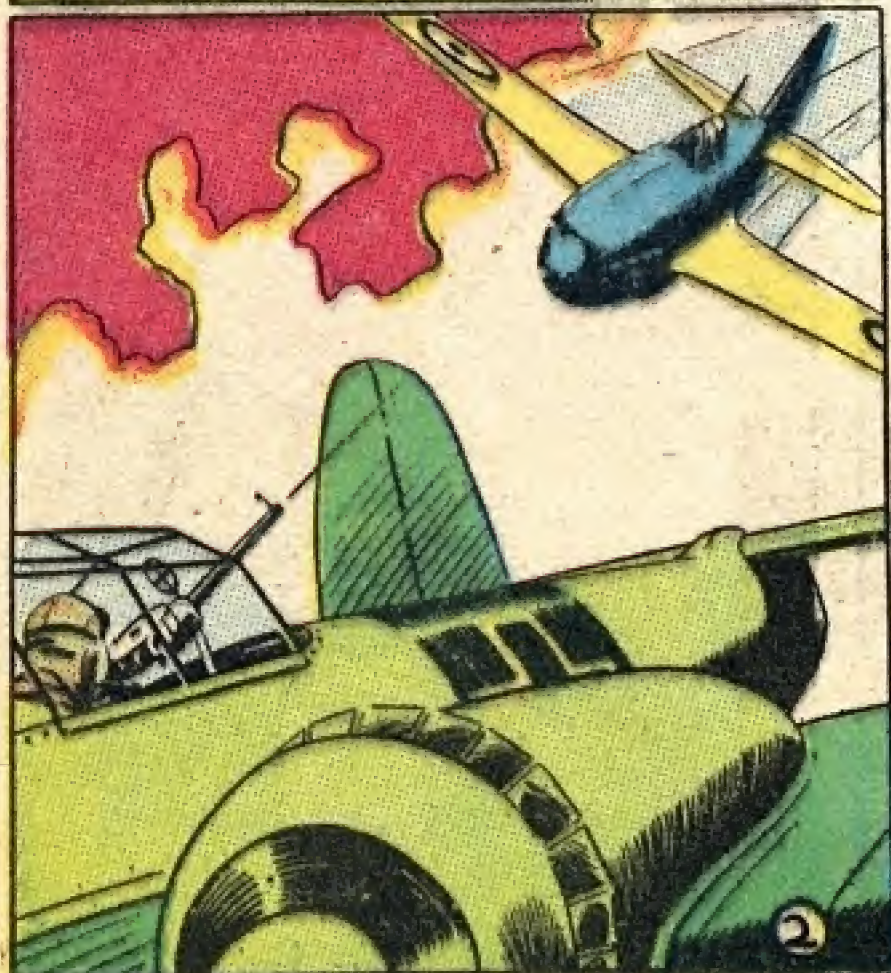
JUST AS THE TWO NAZI PLANES ARE ABOUT TO OPEN THEIR ATTACK, AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE MYSTERIOUS SIGNALS, THEY BANK AWAY FROM THE TRAWLER WITHOUT SHOOTING



--PERHAPS THEY ABANDONED THEIR ATTACK BECAUSE THEY SAW US COMING--WONDER IF LAWRENCE SAW THOSE SIGNALS--



BUT TEX'S COMPANION IS CLOSING IN ON THE FLEEING DORNIERS



WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF ALTITUDE, SO... NOW WHAT'S WRONG? --THIS MOTOR'S HEATING UP LIKE A STOVE...!!



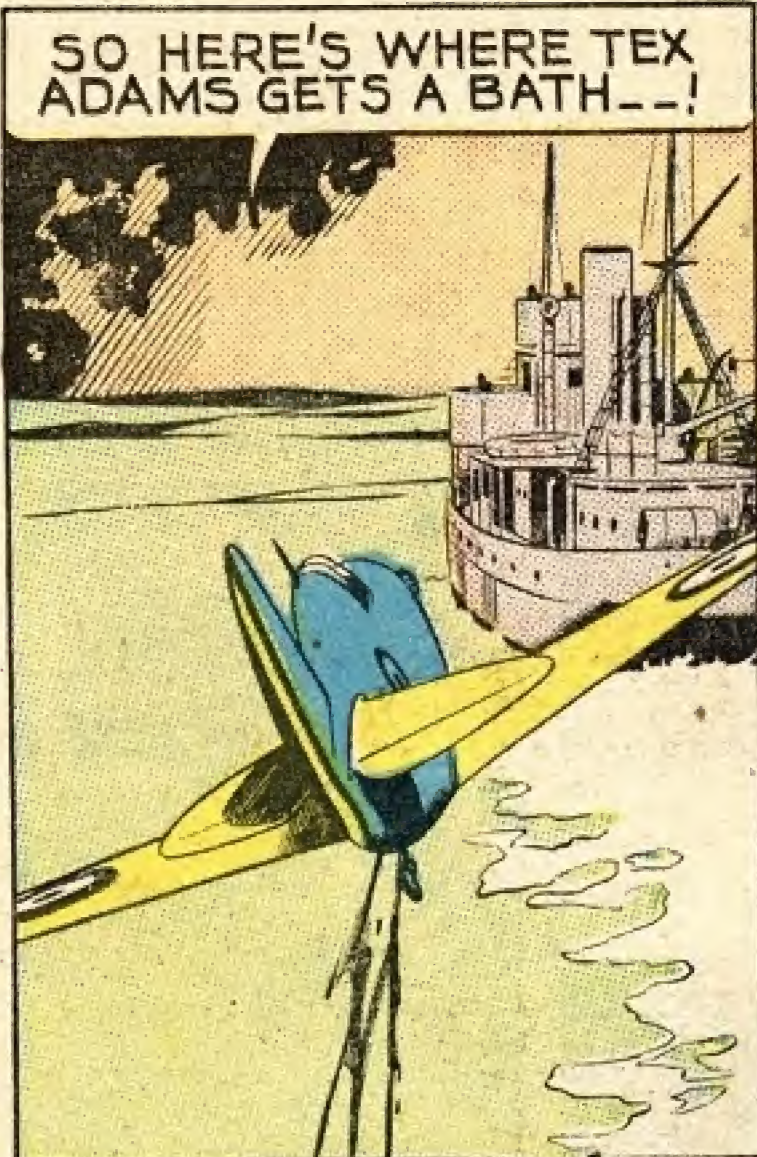
SOMETHING'S GONE HAYWIRE IN THE COOLING SYSTEM!! --I'LL NEVER MAKE IT BACK TO LAND



MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO SET
THIS CRATE DOWN BESIDE
THE TRAWLER !!



SO HERE'S WHERE TEX
ADAMS GETS A BATH...!



AHOY, TRAWLER!
THROW ME A
LINE !!

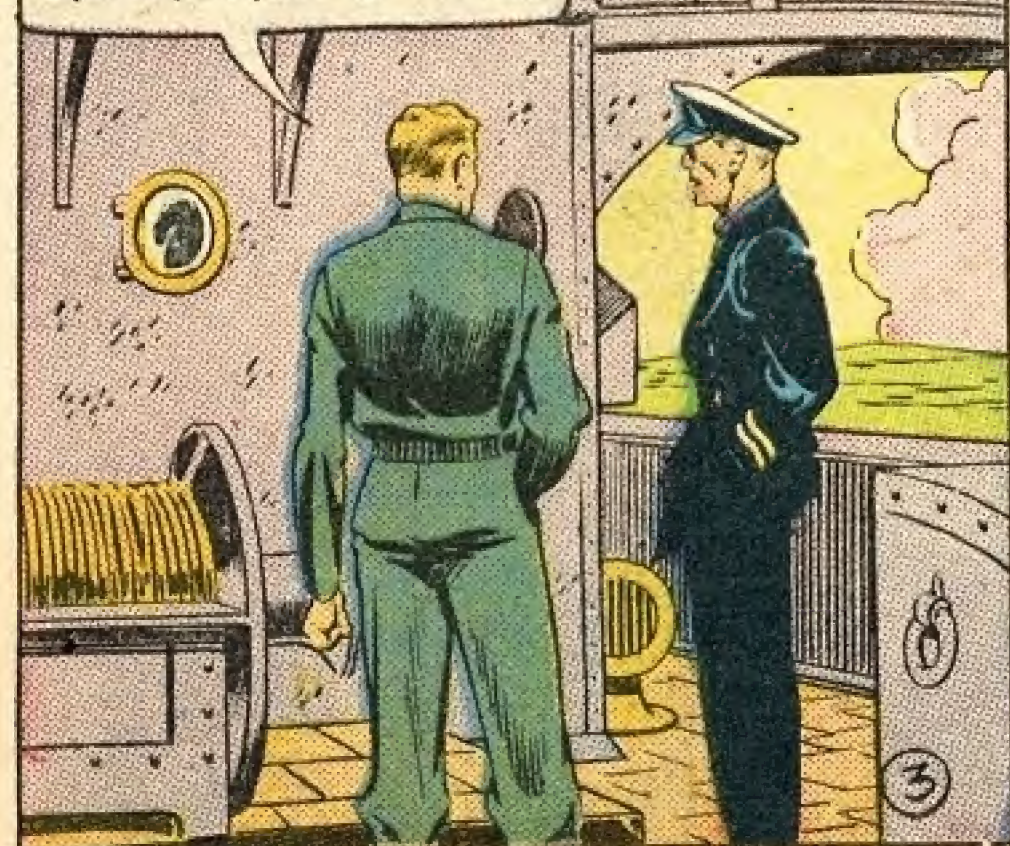


I'M THE
SKIPPER OF
THIS SHIP...
DO YOU NEED
ANY MEDICAL
AID? THAT
WAS A NASTY
CRASH !

NO, I'M
OKAY,
CAPTAIN...
ER...MY
NAME'S
ADAMS



WHAT PORT ARE
YOU PUTTING IN
AT, SKIPPER ?
WONDERED IF
IT'LL BE NEAR MY
SQUADRON'S FIELD



I'M AFRAID
YOU'RE DUE
FOR A SHOCK
ADAMS !!

YOU ARE NOW A
PRISONER OF WAR...!!
YOU SEE, THIS IS A
GERMAN SHIP...WE
CAPTURED IT A FEW
WEEKS AGO WHEN IT
USED TO BE AN ENGLISH
TRAWLER



--- SO I WASN'T IMAGINING
THINGS WHEN I SAW
THOSE SIGNALS





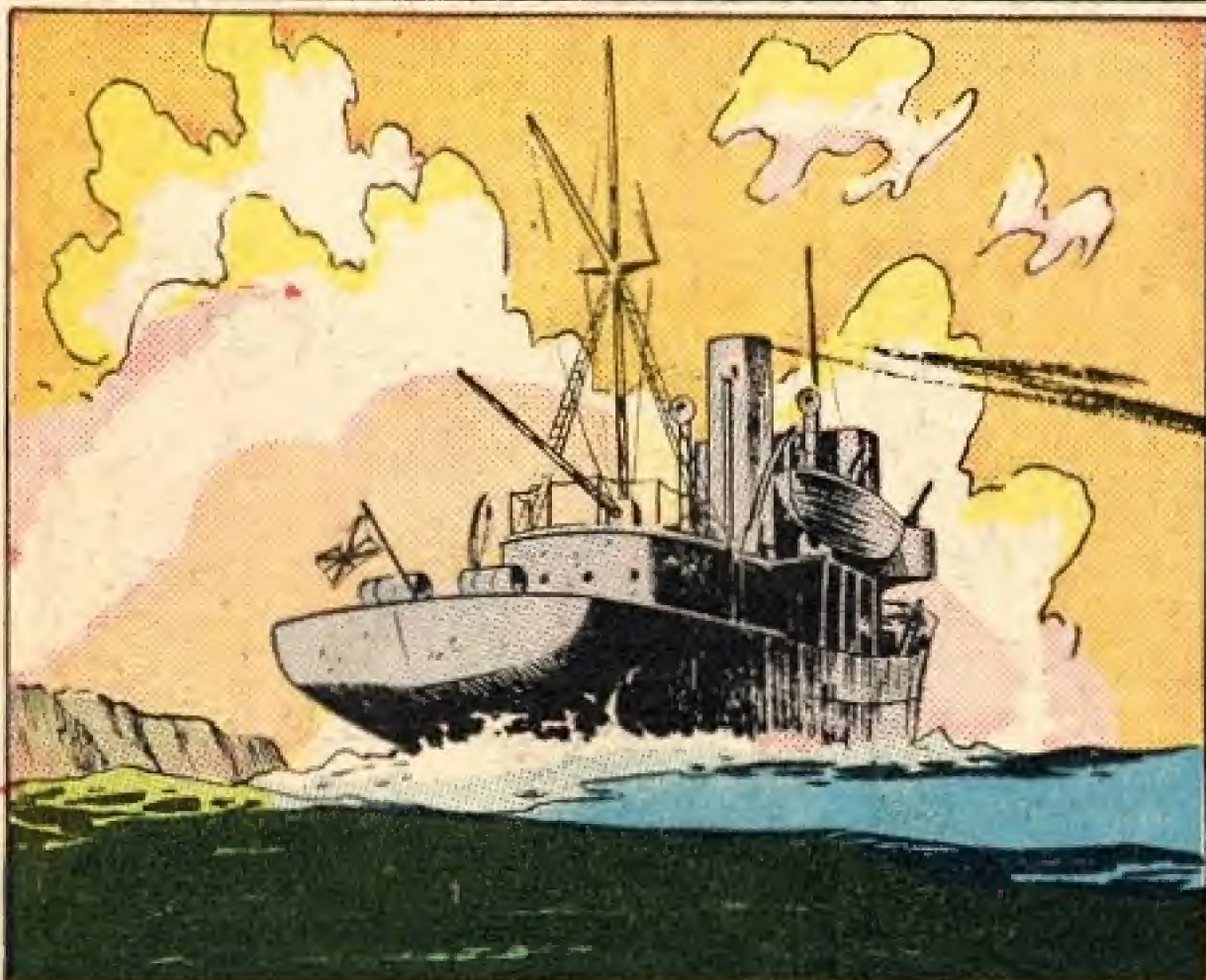
BUT YOU'RE FLYING
THE BRITISH FLAG,
CAPTAIN

NATURALLY...TO ENABLE
US TO CARRY OUT OUR
PLANS UNMOLESTED...
--TO RECORD THE
ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE
OF ENGLISH CONVOYS !!

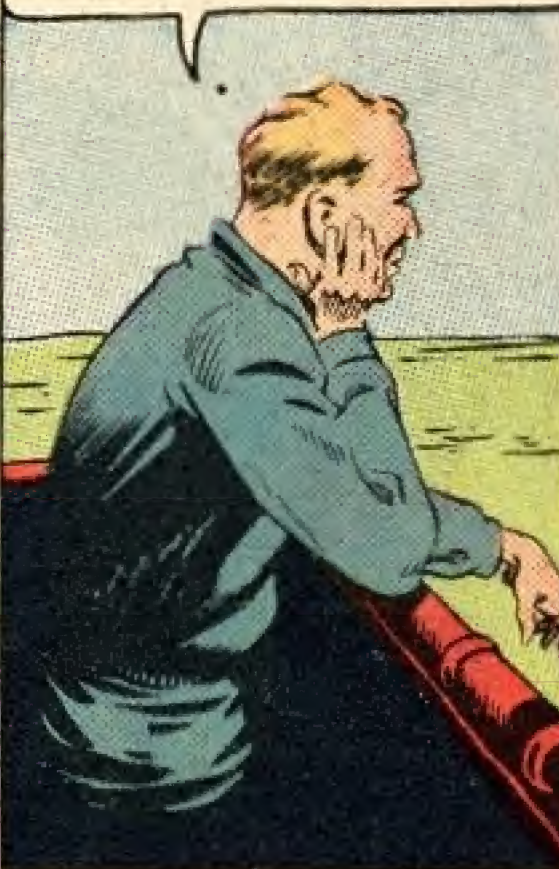


YOU MAY STAY ON
DECK, ADAMS... BUT
REMEMBER, YOU'RE A
PRISONER AND WILL
BE CLOSELY WATCHED!

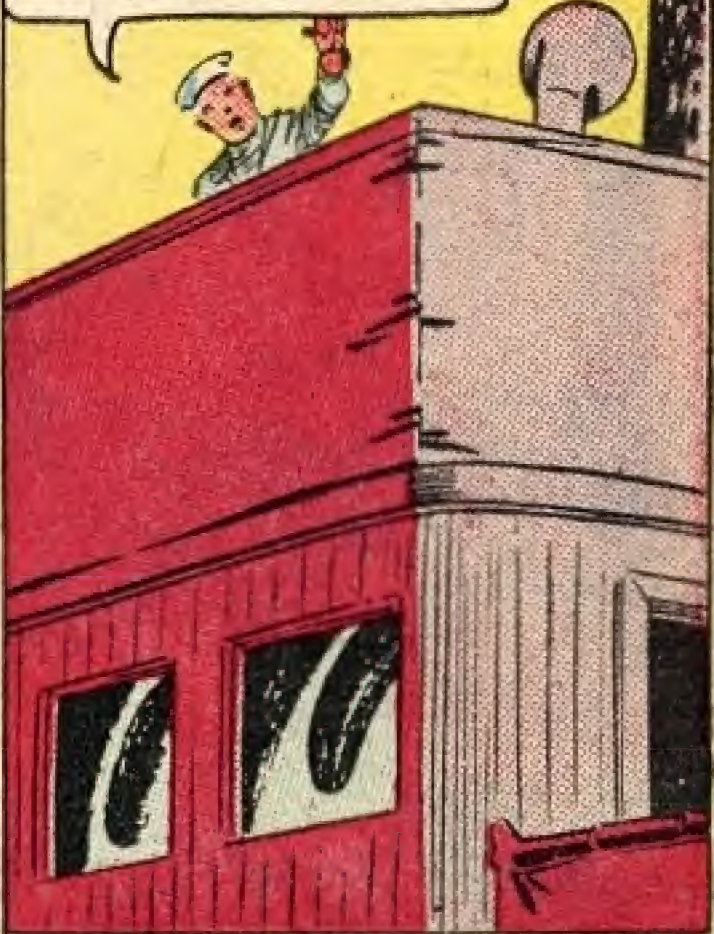
LATER THE TRAWLER CRUISES SLOWLY
DOWN THE ENGLISH COAST---



BLAST IT---I'M
STUCK ON THIS
TUB AN' THERE'S
NOTHING I CAN
DO ABOUT IT---



BRITISH TORPEDO
BOATS COMING UP, SIR--
TWO POINTS OFF
PORT BOVY---!!

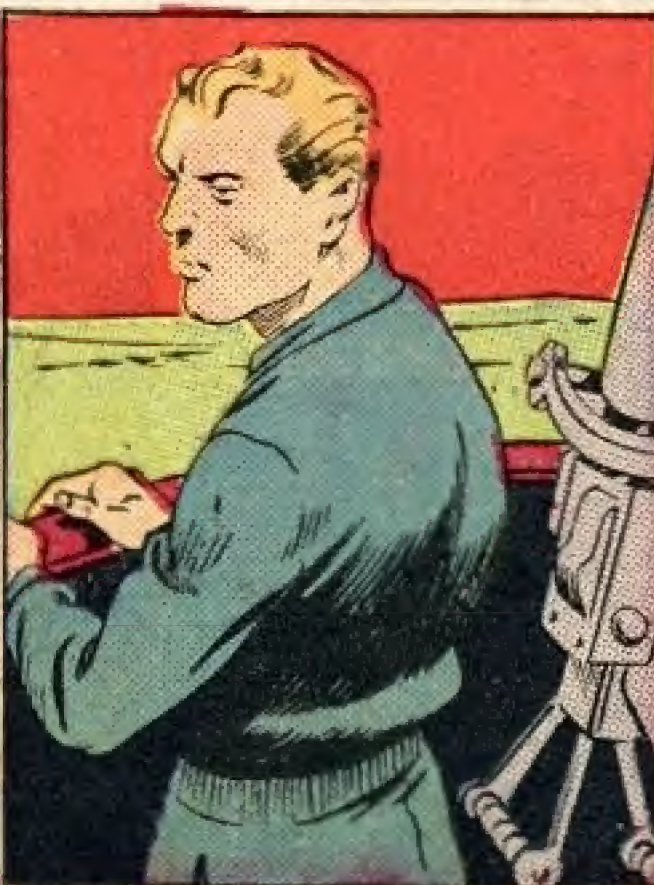


ALL EYES ON THE TRAWLER'S
BRIDGE WATCH THE ONCOMING
SPEED BOATS---

HEH, HEH--IF THOSE
BOATS ONLY KNEW
WHAT THEY WERE
PASSING---



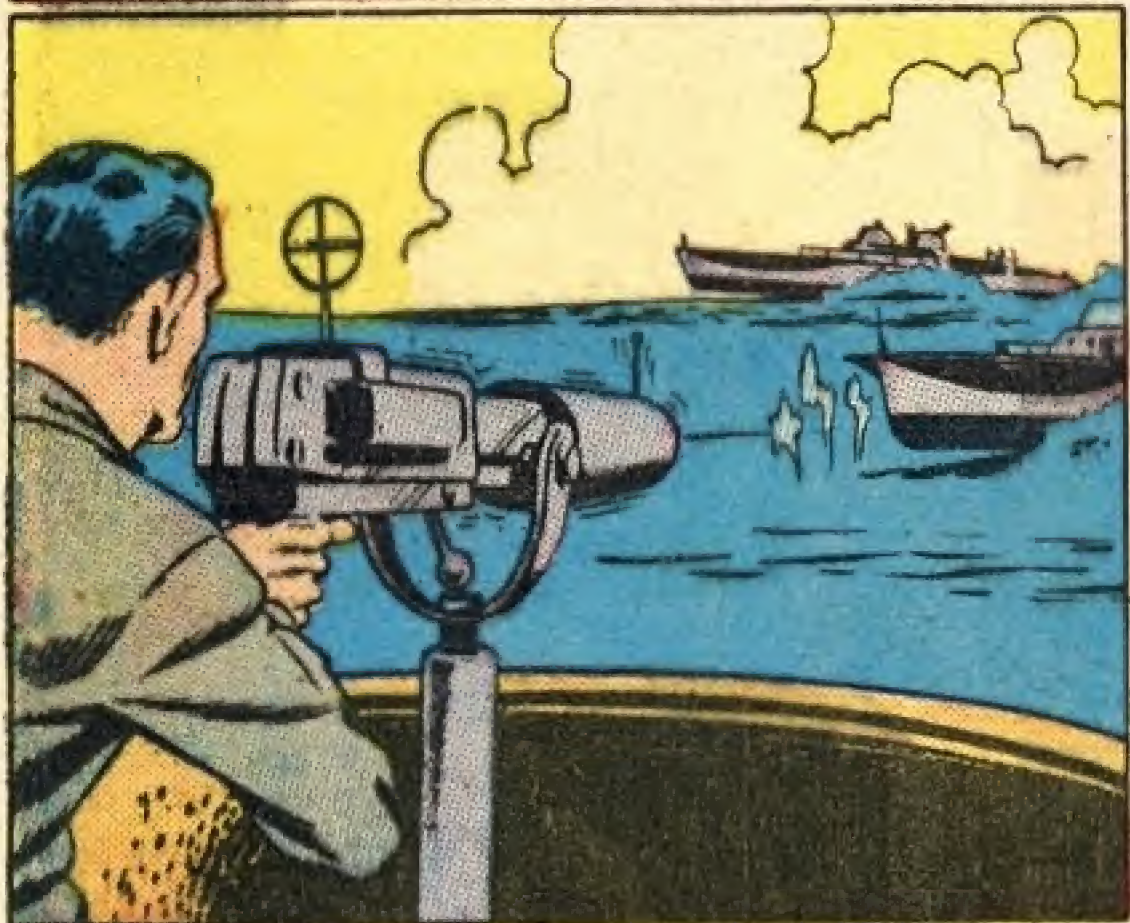
TEX, IN DESPERATION,
DECIDES ON A WILD
PLAN--- HE EDGES
OUT ON THE BRIDGE
WING



ADAMS, WHAT
ARE --- ACH!
GET AWAY FROM
THAT GUN---



TEX LEAPS TO THE MACHINE-GUN AND PUTS A HURRIED BURST OF BULLETS ACROSS THE BOW OF THE NEAREST TORPEDO BOAT---



--THE GERMAN CAPTAIN'S BULLET CLIPS TEX'S EAR AS HE SPINS THE HEAVY GUN AROUND--!!



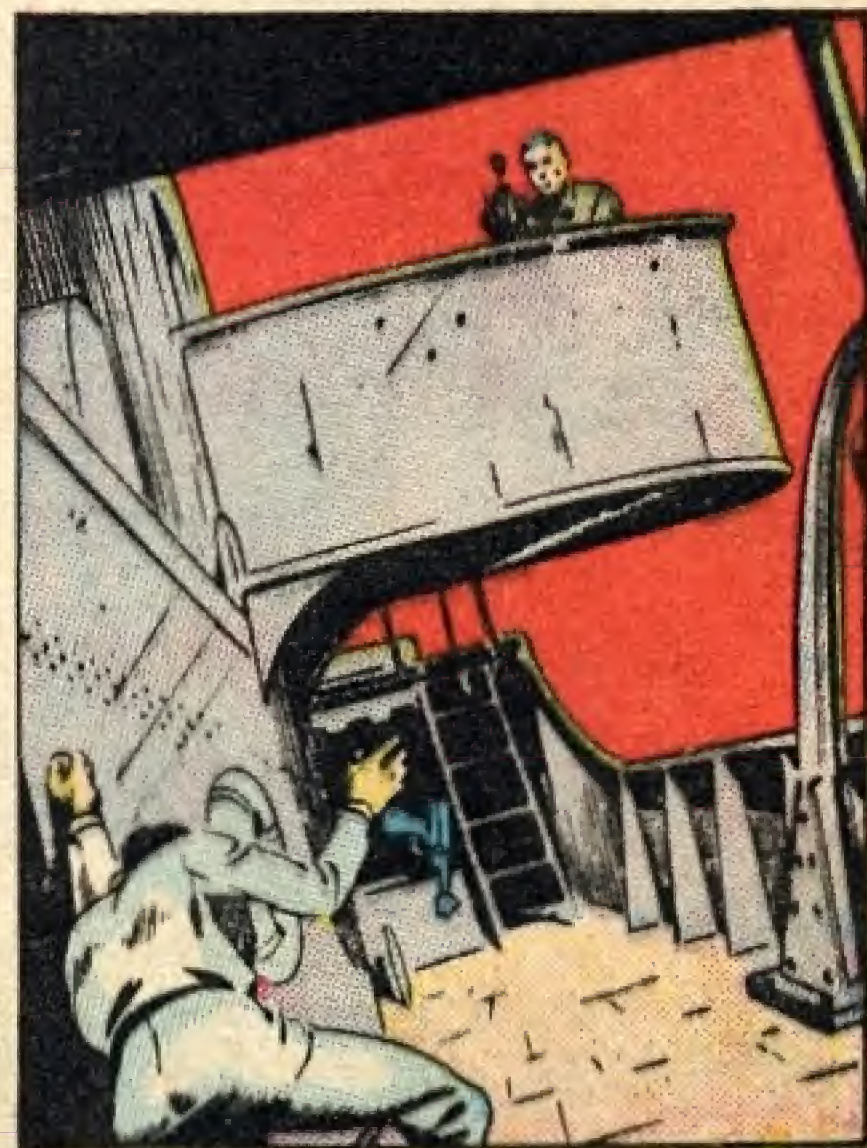
DU LIEBER!-- HE'S FIRING AT THE WHEELHOUSE--!!
AH-H-H-H-H



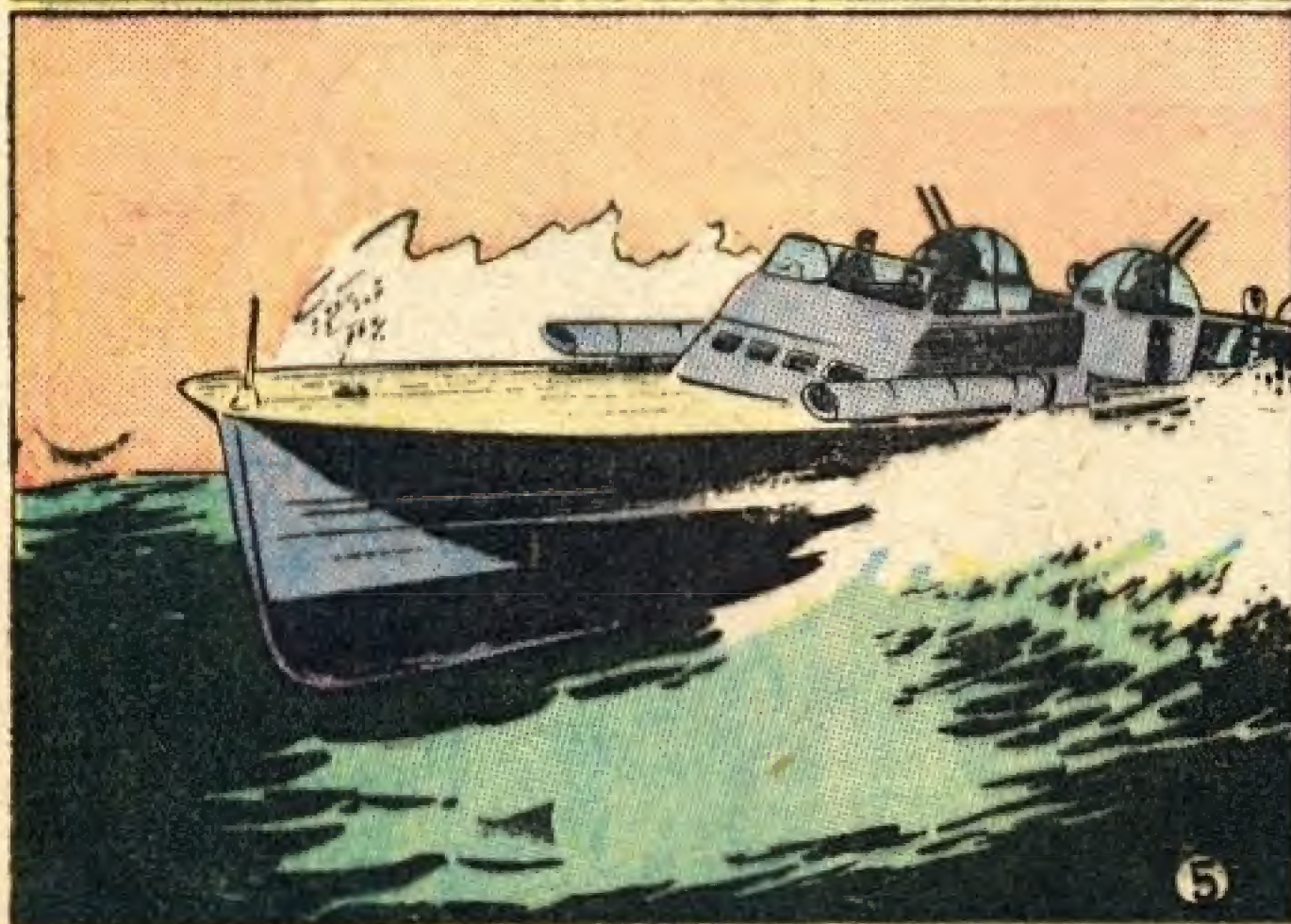
THE STREAM OF BULLETS RAKES THE BRIDGE UNTIL IT'S REDUCED TO A SHAMBLES---



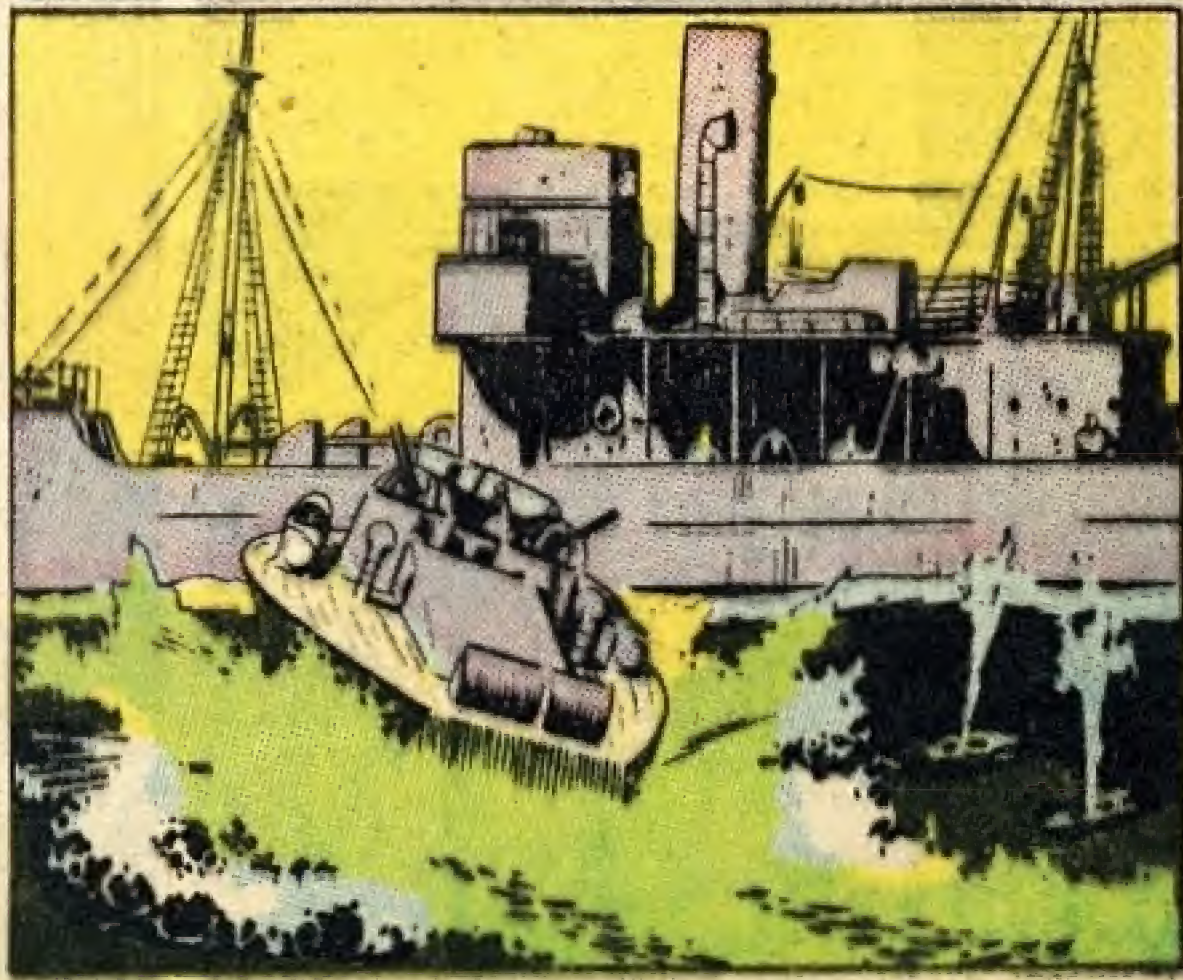
OH, OH--THEY'RE FIRING AT ME FROM THE DECK--I'LL CLEAN THAT BUNCH OUT----



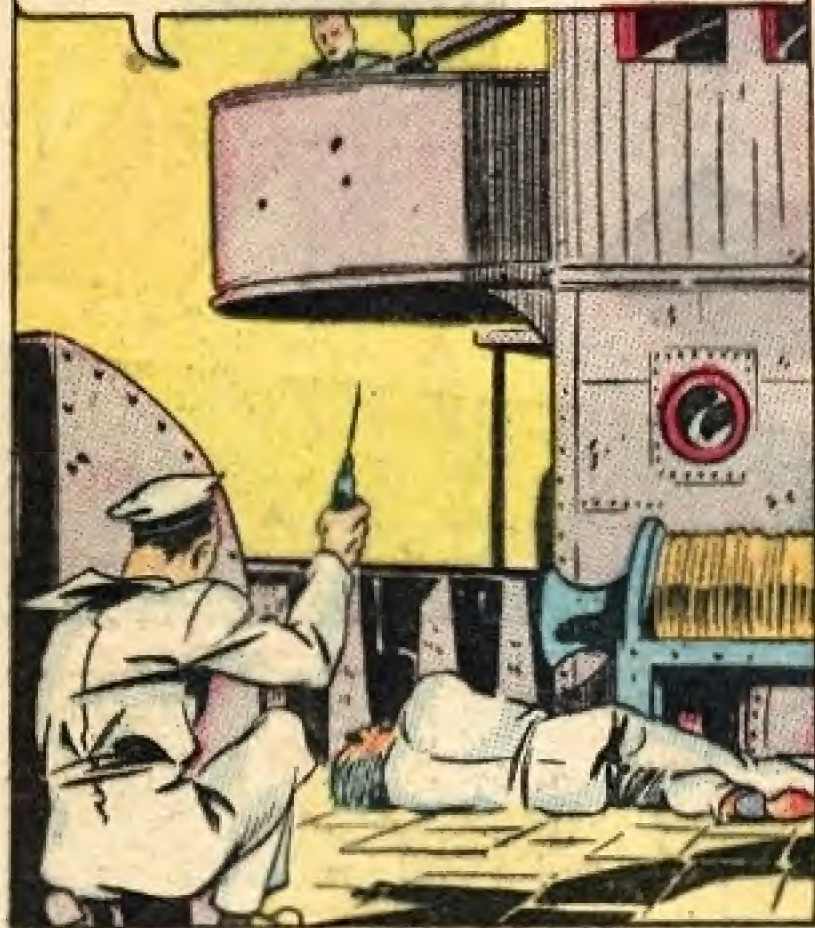
MEANWHILE, THE TORPEDO BOATS, REALIZING SOMETHING IS WRONG, CLOSE IN RAPIDLY ON THE TRAWLER---



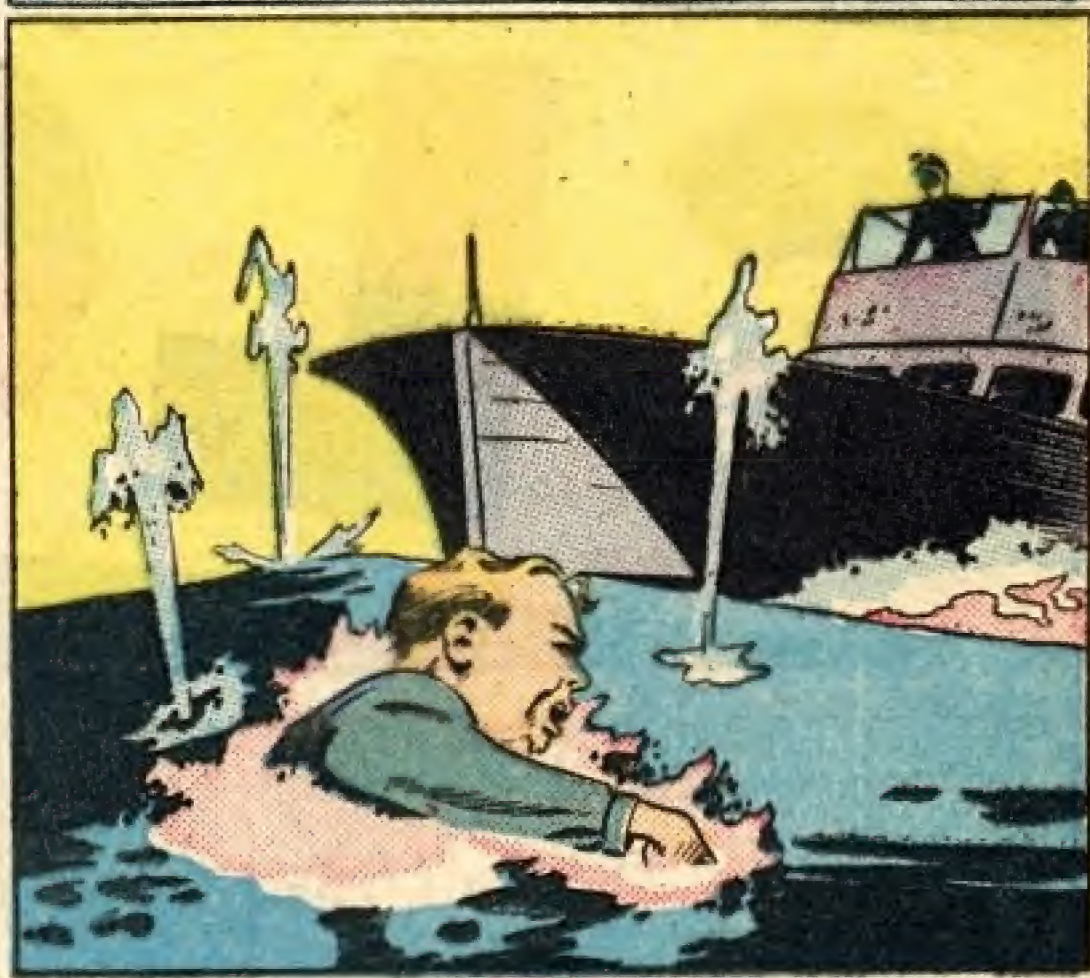
--AND THE TRAWLER'S GERMAN CREW TURN PART OF THEIR GUNFIRE ON THE NEW ARRIVALS



THIS BRIDGE ISN'T MUCH PROTECTION ANYMORE...! I'M GONNA HAVE TO LEAVE OR GET PICKED OFF--



SWIMMING DESPERATELY, TEX IS SOON PICKED UP BY ONE OF THE TORPEDO BOATS---



WHAT IS ALL THIS?

I WAS A PRISONER... THAT'S A NAZI BOAT!!



THEY'RE FIRING THEIR DECK GUN AT US NOW-- GUESS THEY DON'T INTEND TO SURRENDER-- TORPS-- FIRE NO.1 TORPEDO!!



YOU'VE DONE ENGLAND AN INVALUABLE SERVICE-- THAT TRAWLER'S INFORMATION WOULD'VE RAISED HAVOC WITH OUR CONVOYS! THEY'D HAVE BEEN BOMBED CONSTANTLY

JUST GET ME BACK TO LAND!! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH WATER FOR AWHILE



THE CLOCK

by GEORGE E. BRENNER

FROM THE ELITE
OF PARK AVENUE
COMES A ONE-
MAN WAR
AGAINST CRIME-
BRIAN O'BRIEN,
PLAYBOY, WHO,
FROM BEHIND
A BLACK
SILK MASK,
DEALS OUT
LETHAL JUSTICE...



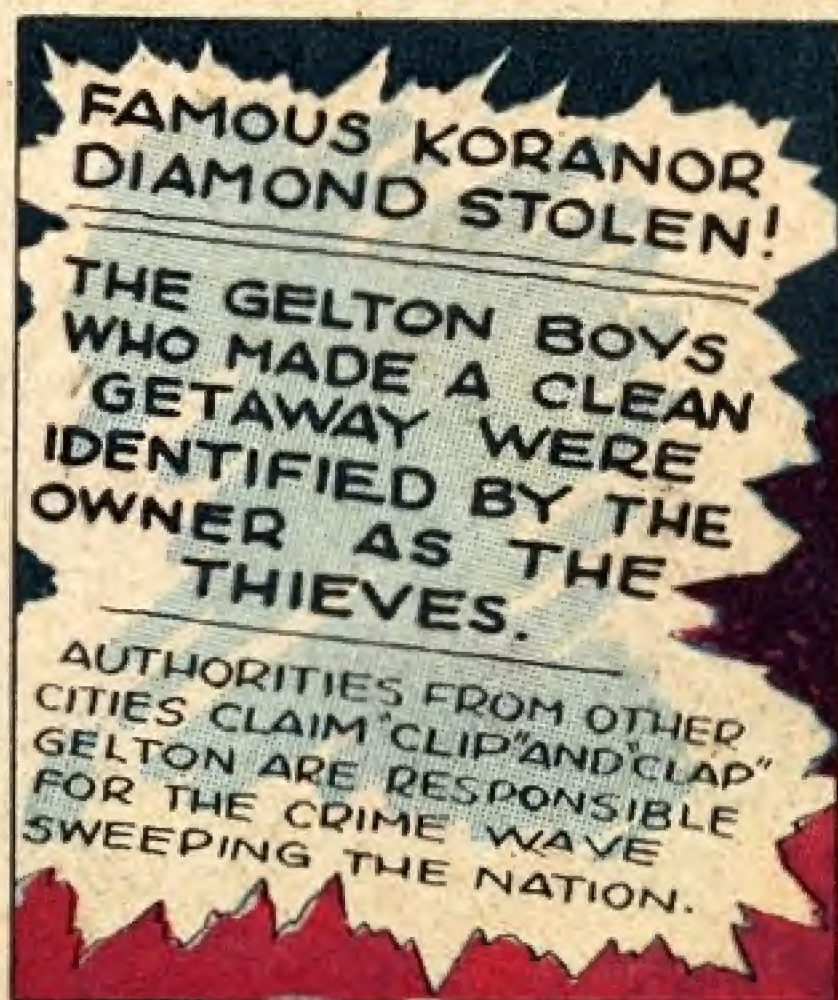
STARTING OUT LIKE A
SMALL RIDDLE ON A QUIET
LAKE, A PETTY CRIME IN A
MID-WESTERN TOWN GROWS
INTO A TIDAL WAVE OF
CRIME THROUGHOUT THE
COUNTRY -----
IN CHICAGO --



IN BUFFALO -



IN BOSTON -



AND IN THIS METROPOLIS, THE CRIMES OF CLIP AND CLAP GELTON ARE THE TALK OF THE CITY---

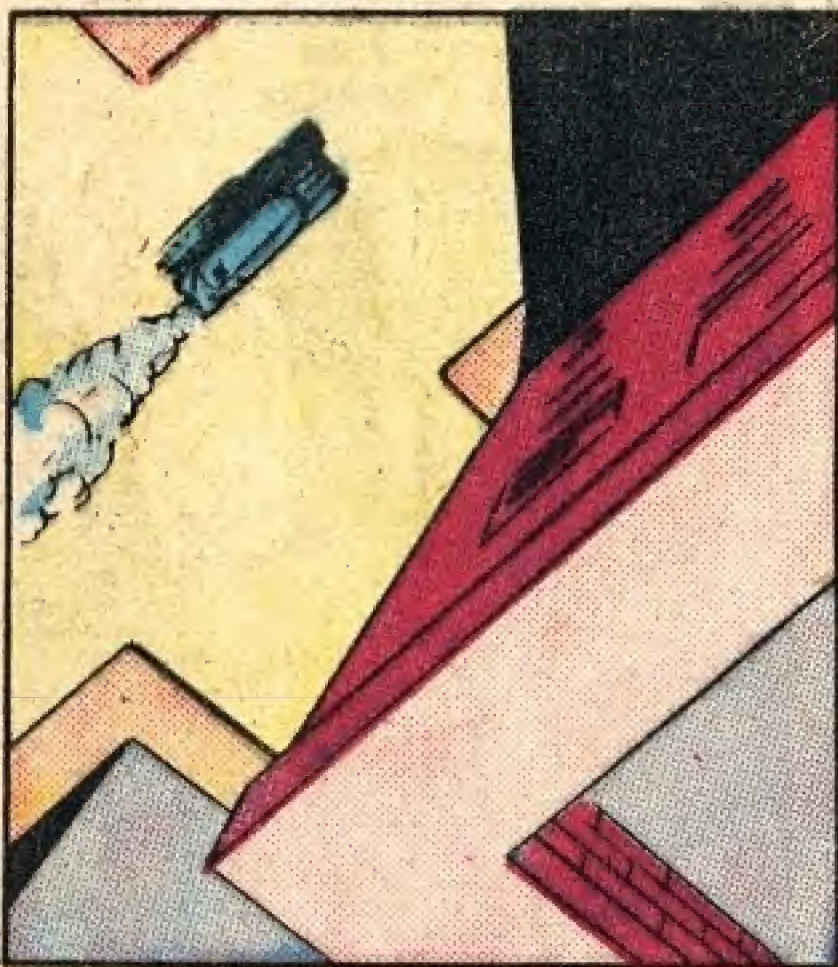


AND A WEEK LATER, THE GELTON MOB IS READY TO STRIKE AGAIN---





AND THEIR SPEEDING CAR
LEAVES THE SCENE, TO BE LOST
IN THE HEAVY TRAFFIC---



THAT EVENING THE PRESS
TELLS THE STORY-



AND IN BELTON'S HIDE-OUT---



CELEBRATE NOTHIN'-
WE CAN'T MAKE OUR-
SELVES CONSPICUOUS-
WHAT'S TH' MATTER
WITH YOU LUGS?

HOW
ABOUT ME,
CLIP-



I WASN'T IN ON
TH' JOB-- AN' I'LL
GO NUTS HANGIN'
AROUND HERE
DOIN' NOTHIN'-

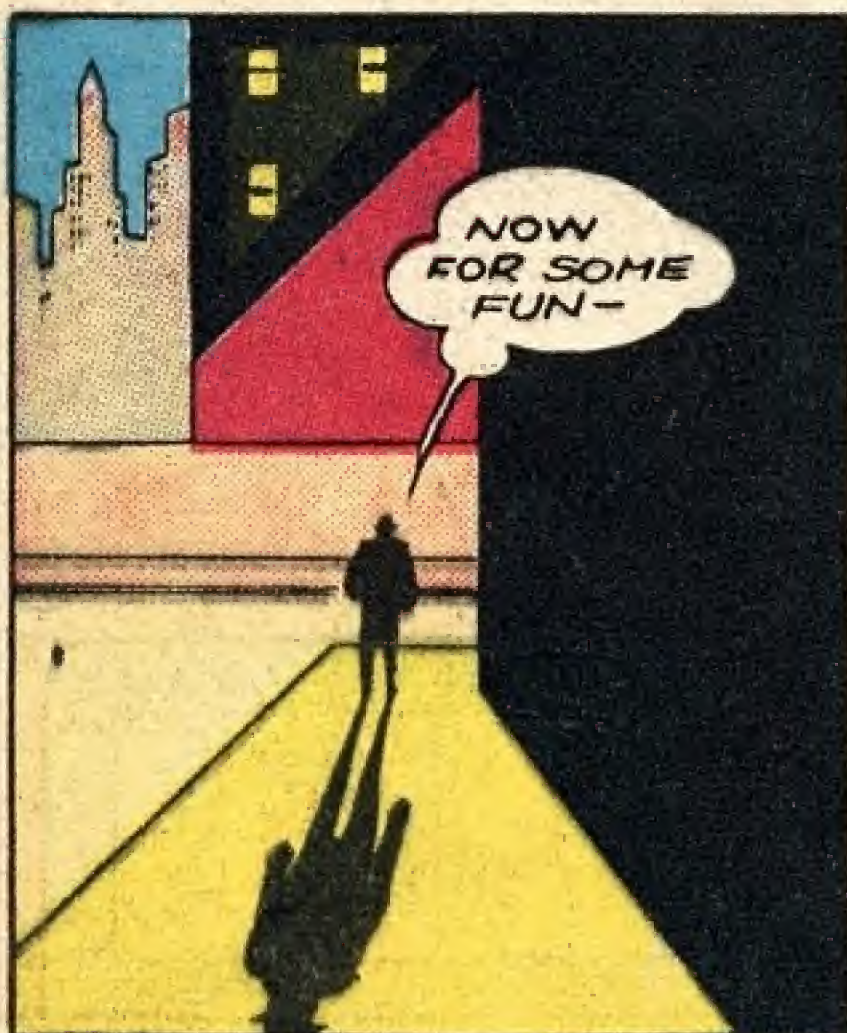


OKAY, CLAP-GO
AHEAD-BUT STAY
OUTA
TROUBLE!!

SURE, SURE-
I'M NO
DOPE-



OUTSIDE CLAP HEADS FOR
THE BRIGHT BELT SECTION-



AND AS CLAP APPROACHES
THE MAIN STEM FROM A
QUIET SIDE STREET--



WOW!-- LOOK
AT THAT ROLL--
I WONDER----





THIS IS A STICK-UP, MUG— HAND OVER THAT ROLL!



WHAT TH' ?— A HOLD-UP!!



SLIPPING ON HIS MASK, THE CLOCK IS READY FOR ACTION—



AN' SO YA WON'T GO YELPIN' TO TH' COPS, I'M GONNA BUMP YA OFF!

N-NO— DON'T!



HE WON'T!



TWO HOURS LATER, BACK IN GELTON'S HIDE-OUT.....



CLAP SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW, BOYS—

DON'T WORRY, HE'S OKAY—



SURE HE IS— CAN I TURN ON THE RADIO, CLIP?

YES—



FLASH-CLAP GELTON WAS CAUGHT BY THE CLOCK IN A PETTY HOLD-UP EARLY TO-NIGHT-- TRYING TO ESCAPE, GELTON WAS SHOT AND KILLED AS HE TRIED TO JUMP THROUGH A WINDOW OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS--



CLAP-- MY KID BROTHER ---DEAD--



THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO A GELTON - I'LL GET THAT CLOCK GUY AN'--- SPIKE! - C'MERE-

YES--



I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT- BUT **DO IT**-- GO OUT AN' LURE THAT CLOCK MUG BACK HERE SOMEHOW-- AN' FAST!

M-M-M-ME??



YES AN' IF YOU FAIL, I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE-- GET GOIN'!!

AN HOUR LATER SPIKE RETURNS----



LEMME IN!

IT'S SPIKE-



SPIKE- WHAT HAPPENED?? - YOU FIND HIM--

NO, HE FOUND ME - AN' HE'S COMIN'--

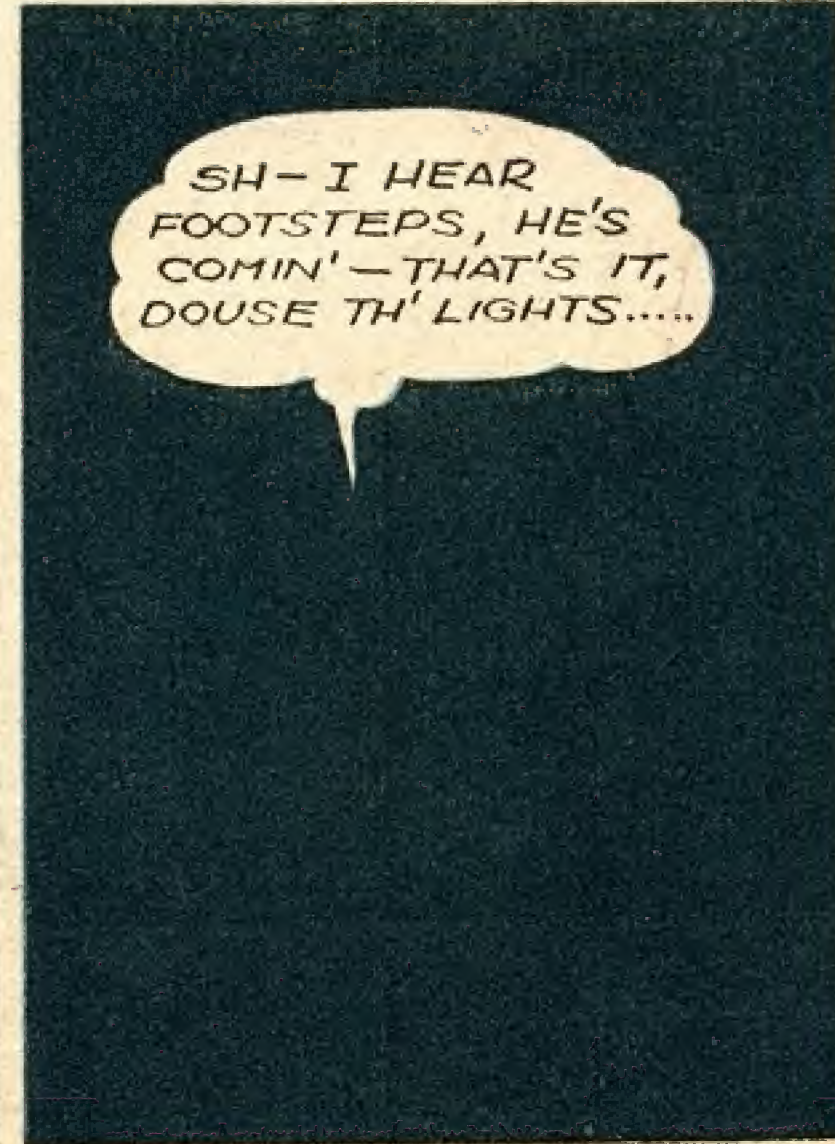


BUT BE CAREFUL- TH' GUY AIN'T HUMAN- HE SHOWS NO MOICY--

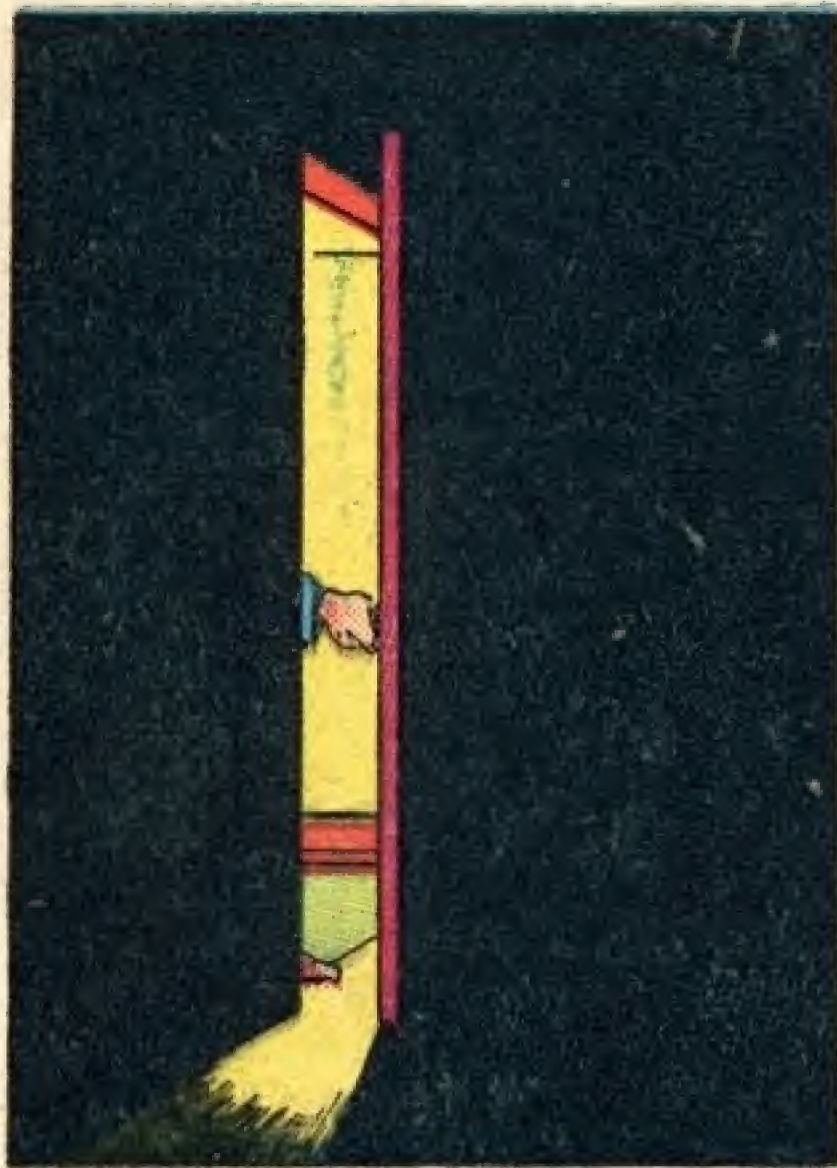


NEVERMIND THAT- ARE YA SURE HE KNOWS WHERE WE'RE AT??

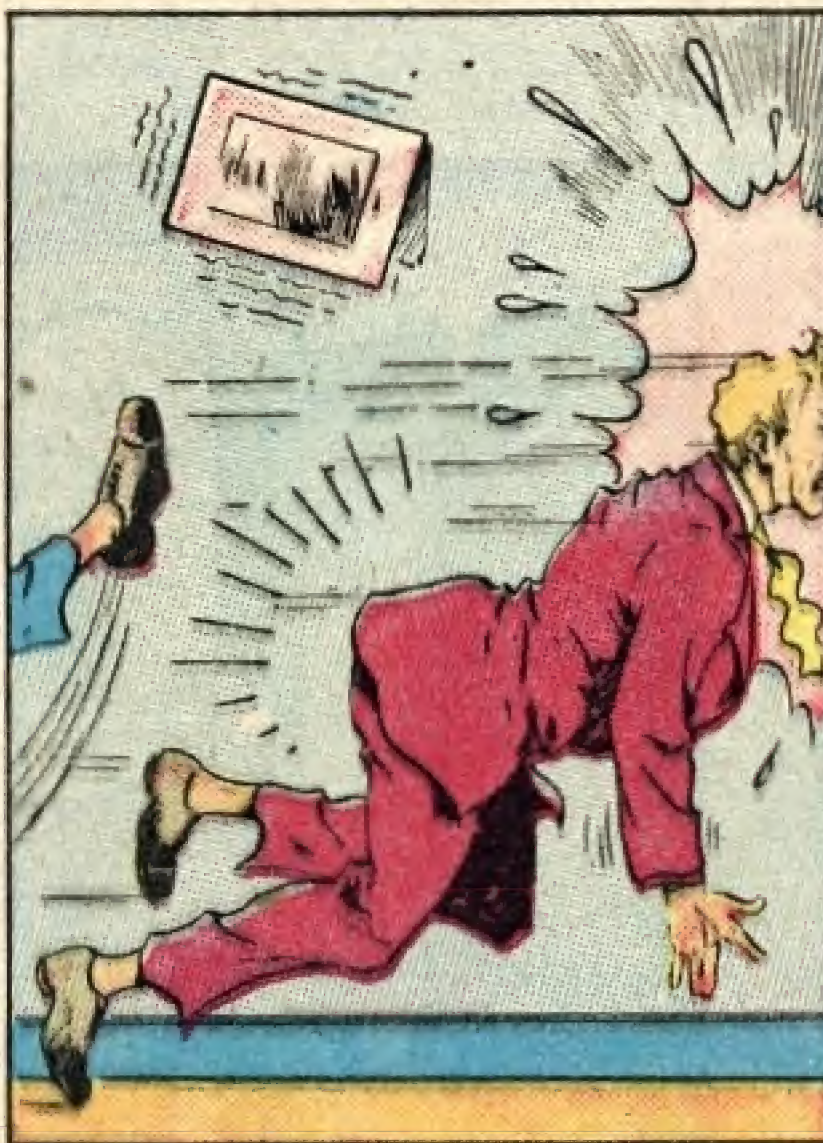
HE OUGHTA- I LEFT A TRAIL OF ME OWN BLOOD BIG ENOUGH FOR A BLIND MAN TA FOLLOW--



SH- I HEAR FOOTSTEPS, HE'S COMIN' - THAT'S IT, DOUSE TH' LIGHTS.....



SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO ON----



A FEW MINUTES LATER IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS-



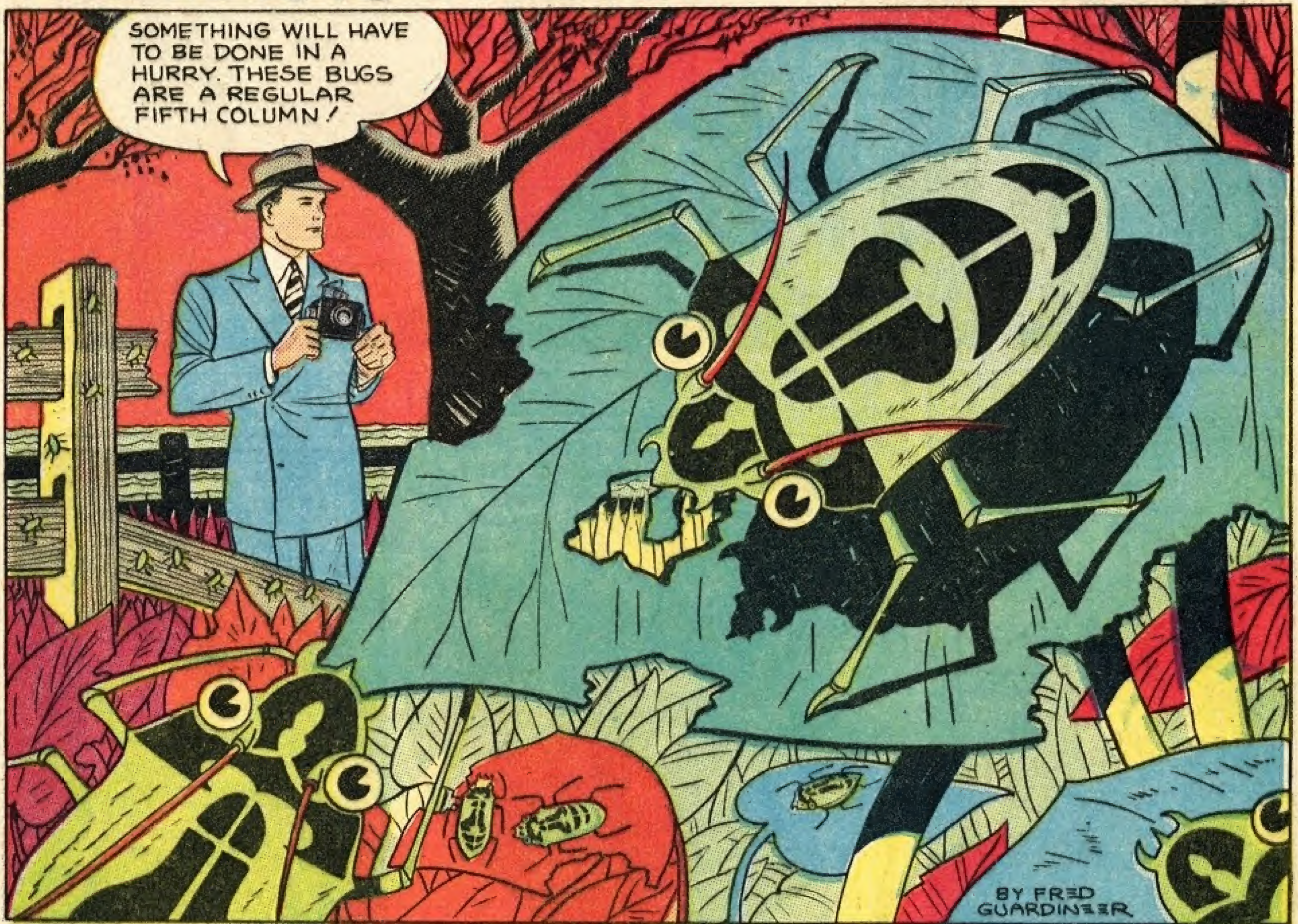
Another sensational episode of The Clock in the February issue of CRACK COMICS.

TOR

THE MAGIC MASTER

STARVATION AND DEATH HOVER OVER A VALUABLE FARM COMMUNITY ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD, AS A SUDDEN HOARD OF INSECTS DEVOUR ALL THE FARM CROPS, VEGETABLES, AND EVEN THE TREES. "SHOOTING" THE DESOLATE SCENE IS PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER JIM SLADE, WHO IS SECRETLY TOR.

SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO BE DONE IN A HURRY. THESE BUGS ARE A REGULAR FIFTH COLUMN!



BY FRED GUARDINER

IN THEIR LABORATORIES SCIENTISTS FEVERISHLY TRY TO DEVELOP AN INSECTICIDE TO KILL THE PESTS.



THESE BUGS ARE UNLIKE AMERICAN INSECTS. THEY MUST HAVE BEEN DUMPED HERE... IT WILL TAKE TIME TO FIND A POISON TO KILL THEM!

BUT JIM SLADE DECIDES TO PUT HIS MAGICAL ABILITY TO THE TEST.

AS TOR PERHAPS I CAN DISCOVER SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE INSECTS!



DONNING HIS MOUSTACHE AND MAGICIAN'S GARB THE PHOTOGRAPHER BECOMES THE FAMOUS MAGICIAN!



WE'LL FIND IF THESE THINGS JUST GREW OR WERE BROUGHT OVER HERE!

LL'I WON
EMOCEB ENO HCNI
HGIH!



AT THE SOUND OF HIS MAGIC
WORDS TOR BECOMES ONE INCH HIGH!



AH! A PIN-THIS'LL
MAKE A FINE SPEAR
FOR INSECT
HUNTING!

TINY TOR NEXT EXAMINES A
DROOPING CARROT!



A BUG
TUNNELED ITS WAY
INTO IT!

DOWN INTO THE HEART OF
THE CARROT TOR CLIMBS
IN SEARCH OF HIS QUARRY..



NO WONDER ALL THE
VEGETABLES ARE
ROTTING AND
DYING!

TOR COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE
HUNGRY INSECT!



-ULP! I ALMOST
FORGOT I WAS SO
SMALL!

IMMEDIATELY THE BEETLE-
LIKE BUG ATTACKS!!



THE MAGICIAN DEFENDS
HIMSELF WITH THE SHARP
POINTED PIN!



NEARLY
GOT ME
THEN!

AH!
THAT DOES
IT!



DRAWING HIS DEAD OP-
PONENT TOR CLIMBS OUT
OF THE CARROT...



NOW
FOR SOME
CLUES!

HE EXAMINES THE INSECT.

HMM - FINE GRAINS OF SAND. THIS BUG CRAWLED TO THE FARM FROM THE SEASHORE!



RESUMING HIS NORMAL SIZE TOR SEARCHES ALONG THE SEASHORE

HOW COULD THEY BE DUMPED ON SHORE WITHOUT BEING SEEN?

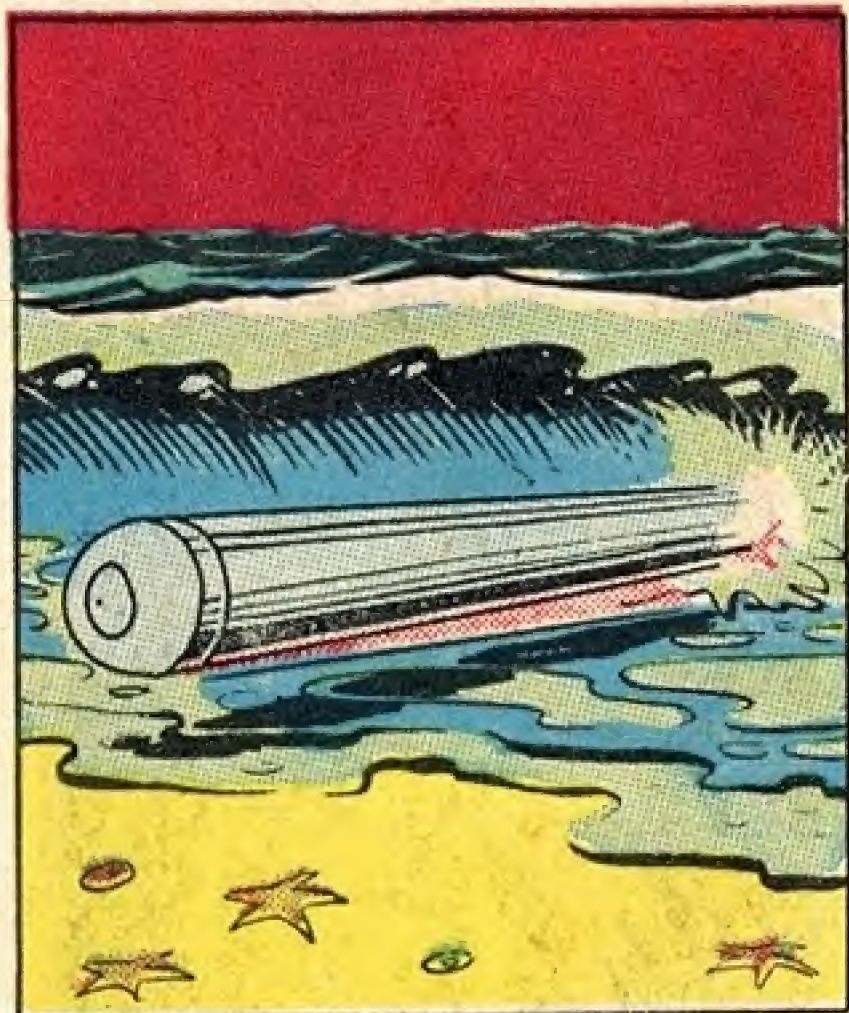


FROM A HIGH HILL THE MAGICIAN SEES THE WAKE OF A TORPEDO SPEEDING TOWARD SHORE.

WHAT TH-!



SILENTLY THE GLISTENING TUBE GLIDES UP ON THE SAND.



UPON TOUCHING THE GROUND THE FRONT OF THE TORPEDO OPENS AND MILLIONS OF INSECTS POUR OUT!



QUICKLY TOR GESTURES!

SLLUGAES OT EHT EUCSER!



AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS APPEAR!

LOOK AT THOSE BUGS! WHAT A DINNER TOR HAS FOR US!



SOON EVERY LAST BUG IS GOBBLED UP BY THE HUNGRY BIRDS!

THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT BATCH!



AS TOR TRIES TO PICK UP THE TORPEDO IT DISINTEGRATES IN THE WATER!

HUH! MADE OF GELATIN AND MELTS IN THE WATER WITHOUT A TRACE!



UNDAUNTED, THE MAGICIAN WALKS INTO THE SEA!

HTAERB, TEL EM
DLOH UOY ROF NA
RUOH!



GIVING HIMSELF POWER TO
HOLD HIS BREATH FOR AN
HOUR HE CONTINUES DOWN
THE SLOPING OCEAN FLOOR...



AND COMES UPON A NAZI
SUBMARINE SUBMERGED ON
THE SAND JUST OFF SHORE!

PROBABLY WAITING
FOR NIGHT-FALL
BEFORE SNEAKING
AWAY!



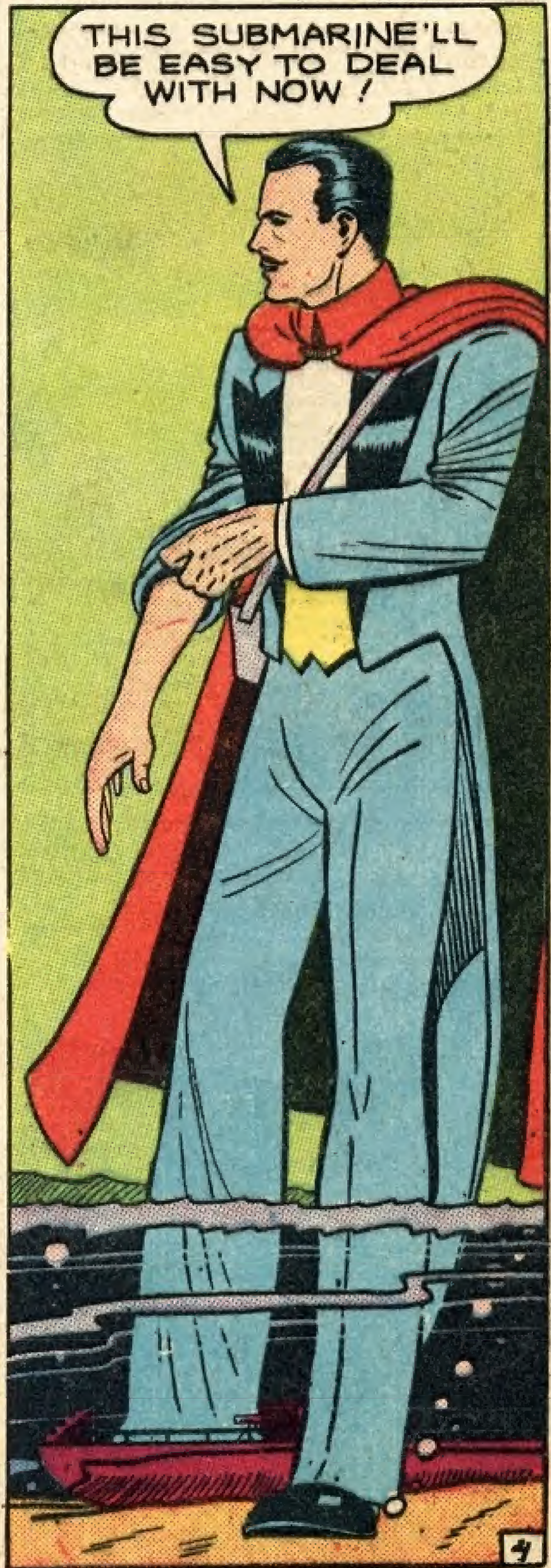
SINCE I STARTED OUT BEING
ONE INCH HIGH I'LL NOW BECOME
ENO ELIM LLAT!



SHOOTING UP OUT
OF THE SEA TOR
BECOMES ONE
MILE TALL!



THIS SUBMARINE'LL
BE EASY TO DEAL
WITH NOW!

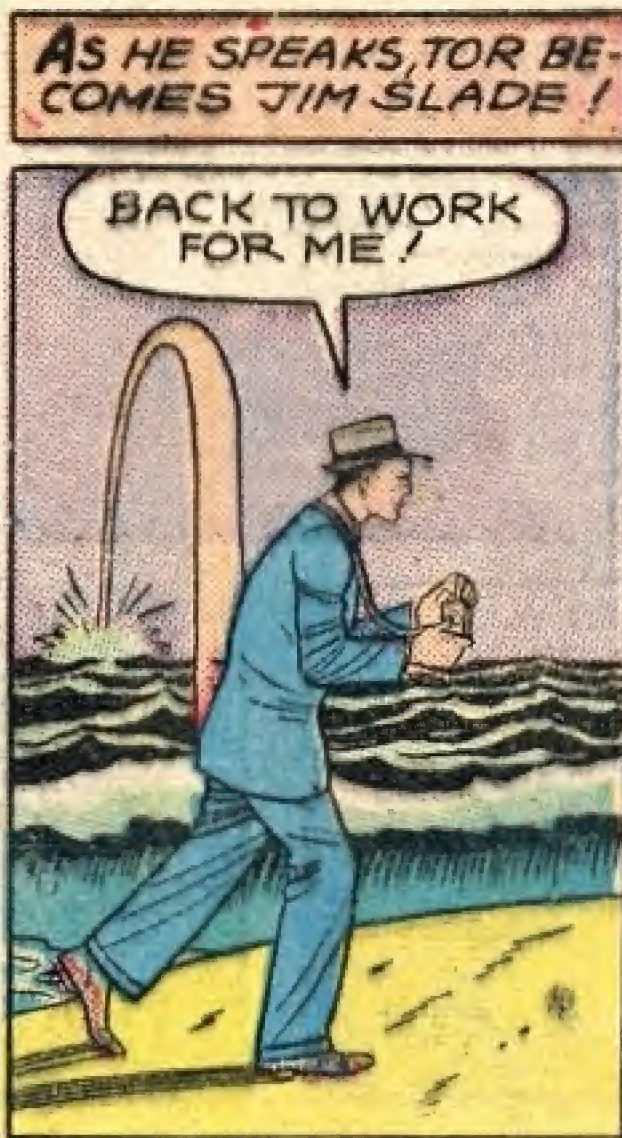


A
PRETTY
TOY!



THE MAGICIAN DEPOSITS THE
U-BOAT HIGH AND DRY ON SHORE.





DON "Q"

BY
VERNON HENKEL

ACROSS EUROPE'S BLAZING COUNTRIES GOES DON "Q"...
DASHING MAN OF MYSTERY, AND OF THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE... A MODERN MUSKETEER IN SEARCH OF HIGH ROMANCE... WITH A FLARE FOR ANY ADVENTURE.....



SOMEWHERE IN LISBON, THE CITY OF SPIES, AN OLD INVENTOR REACHES THE CLIMAX OF HIS STUDIES..



AT LAST!
I'VE GOT IT...
THE SUBSTITUTE
FOR OIL !!!

I HAVE DISCOVERED HOW TO MAKE OIL OUT OF COMMON PRODUCTS! HEH-HEH, WITH EUROPE BLOCKADED AND IN NEED OF OIL TO RUN THE WAR, I SHALL BECOME RICH!



YES, GENTLEMEN.. HEH..
BUT FIRST WHAT ARE YOU WILLING TO PAY FOR IT?? I AM SELLING TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER YOU KNOW!



SOON THROUGH A GLIB TONGUE THE NEWS SPREADS TO THE "RIGHT" PEOPLE AND SECRET MEETINGS ARE ARRANGED.



HAVE YOU BROUGHT YOUR FORMULA WITH YOU, PROFESSOR RUDOLPH?

MY COUNTRY NEEDS YOUR OIL FORMULA, PROFESSOR.. THERE IS NO HIGHER BIDDER.. DO YOU THINK IT WILL WORK, MAX?



GAAA

BANG

LONDON... THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE LEARNS OF PROFESSOR RUDOLPH'S INVENTION...



BUT DON'T FEAR, THE MOST ABLE MAN IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE IS FLYING TO LISBON TO BUY THAT FORMULA.. DON Q..



AND HE WINGS SOUTHWARD OVER THE ATLANTIC IN HIS PRIVATE PLANE..



MY GOAL!! LISBON AIRPORT! NOW TO GET TO THIS ADDRESS AND MEET RUDOLPH!



BUT AS HE TAXIS ACROSS THE FIELD, FATE PLAYS A STRANGE HAND



WRECK OUR PLANE, EH? I OUGHT TO..

WHY YOU NIT-WITS! I HAD THE INCOMING SIGNAL.. YOU HAD NO BUSINESS TO BE TAKING OFF!!



SLUG HIM, MAX!

OH! SO YOU WANT A FIGHT?



O.K., YOU MEDDLING FOOL.. HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!

GUN.. EH?





HERE'S ONE FOR YOU!!



THE BATTERED MAN QUICKLY RECOVERS A FALLEN NOTE-BOOK...



THE PAIR MAKE A HASTY ESCAPE

HA...HA...HA... LOOK AT 'EM RUN!



HEY TAXI!!

OUI, MONSIEUR!



TO 18 DOCK STREET.. AND HURRY!

TAKE EET FRAM LIL' PIERRE-THAT WAS FINE FIGHT YOU PUT UP, M'SIEU!



DON Q ENTERS PROFESSOR RUDOLPH'S STUDY AFTER RAPPING AT THE DOOR..

HEY PROFESSOR.. PROF:- GOOD GRAVY! HE'S DEAD!!



TAXI!! DRIVE ME BACK TO THE AIRPORT AT ONCE!

THIS EES NOT MY BEEZINESS, BUT LIL' PIERRE EES CONFOOZED.. WHY YOU BEAT UP GUYS THAT COME FRAM THIS HOUSE.. THEN COME HERE -THEN WANT TO COME BACK TO AIRPORT?



WAIT! DID YOU SAY THOSE GUYS WERE AT THIS HOUSE?

OUI! I DRIVE THEM TO AIRPORT.. THEY IN BEEG HURRY!



THEN GET GOING.. THOSE MEN JUST MURDERED PROF. RUDOLPH AND ARE GETTING AWAY WITH HIS SECRET OIL FORMULA!!

POW!



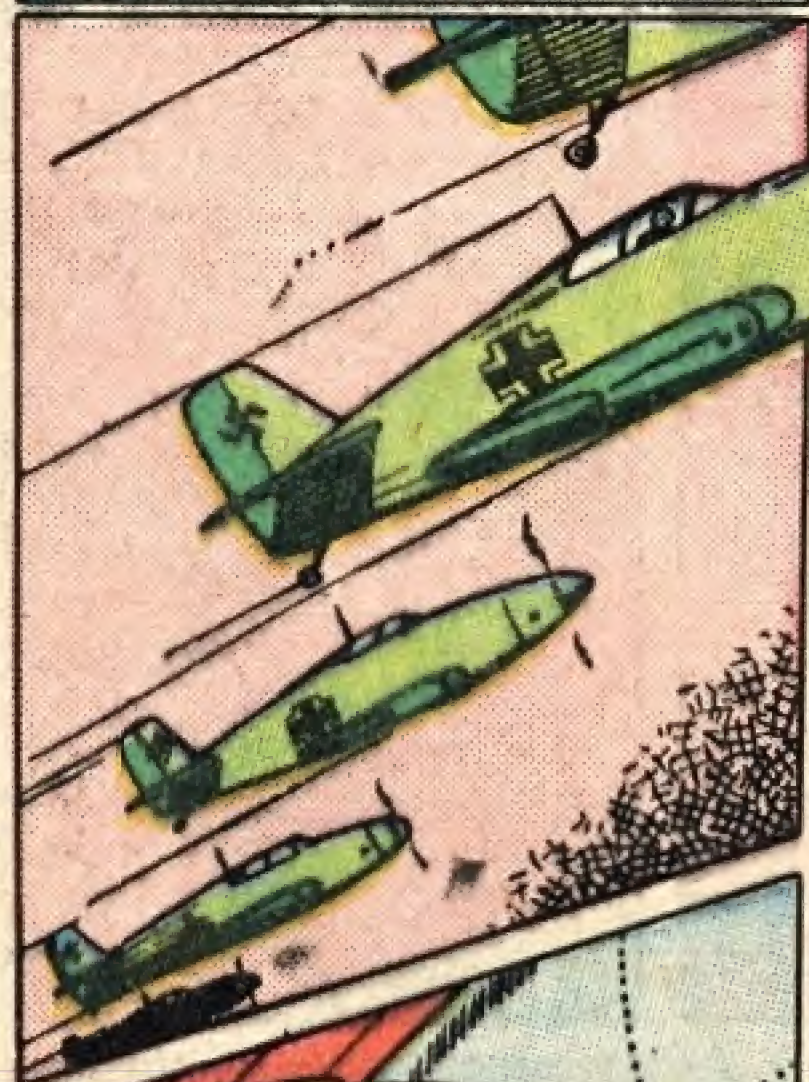


I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU I DON'T LIKE GUNS!

THE SPY SUDDENLY GRASPS THE RADIO..



..AND UP FROM OCCUPIED FRANCE COMES A SCORE OF PURSUIT SHIPS



STOP OR I WILL ORDER THEM TO SHOOT US DOWN!!



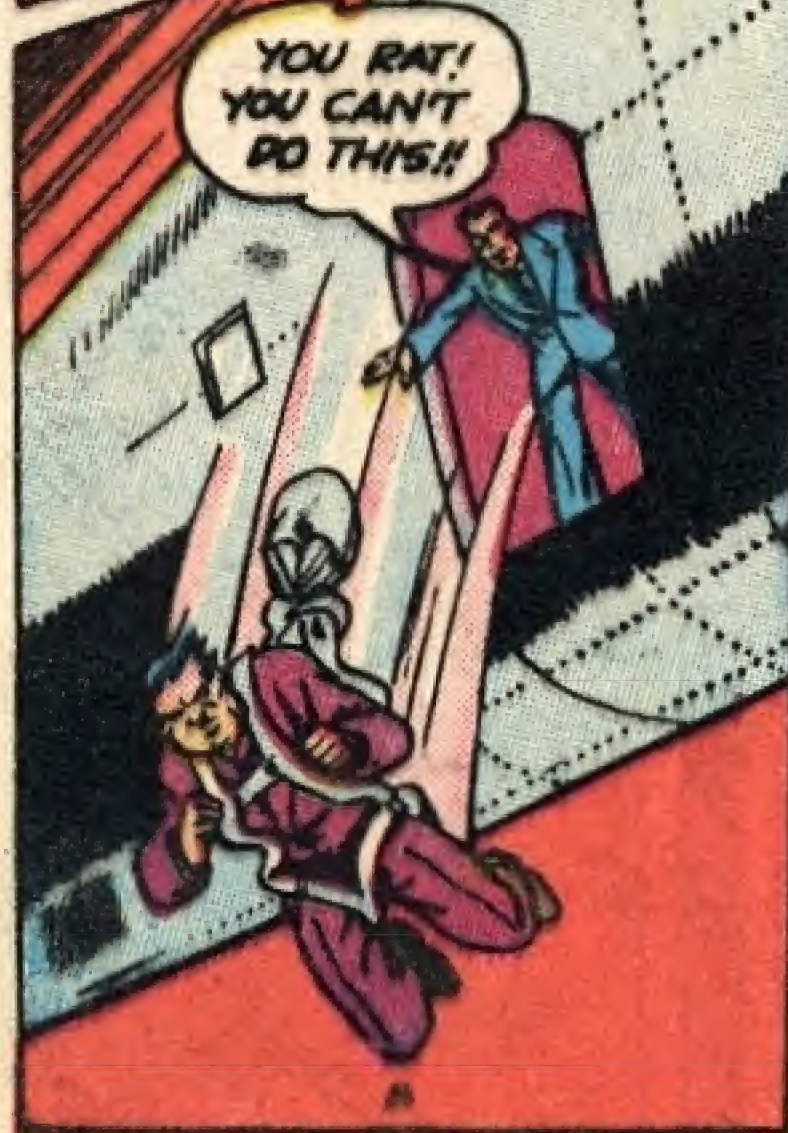
REALIZING THAT THE PASSENGERS ARE IN DANGER DON Q PAUSES...

AGENT Z-10 SEIZES THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SLIP ON A PARACHUTE

GOODBYE! WHEN I LAND, THE OIL FORMULA WILL BELONG TO MY COUNTRY.. AND YOU WILL BE SHOT DOWN BY THOSE PLANES!!



YOU RAT! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!!



MEANWHILE LIL' PIERRE ISN'T DOING SO GOOD WITH HIS 'FIRST' FLYING LESSON..



..AND AS THE BATTLE PLANES COME IN FOR THE KILL..





MADAM

FATAL

AND THE LEAGUE OF
HUNTED MEN

NOT EVEN TUBBY WHITE, NEW-FOUND FRIEND OF THE OLD LADY KNOWN AS MADAM FATAL, KNOWS THAT "SAM" IS A DISGUISE FOR RICHARD STANTON, FORMER ACTOR WHO SECRETLY OPPOSES THOSE OUTSIDE THE LAW...



IT'S BEGINNING AS RICHARD STANTON BUYS A PAPER...



SO YOU'RE TAKING SCRAPPY NELSON'S PLACE, OH?

YEAH, MR STANTON— IT'S BEEN A WEEK SINCE HE DISAPPEARED!

HAH... CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

GREAT SCOTT! ANOTHER CRIME WAVE...





THEY FIGHT FURIOUSLY BUT THE GOOD
ARE TOO GREAT...



IN THE MAD SCRAMBLE
MADAM FATAL DISAPPEARS
INTO THE SHADOWS...



WHAT TH-!!
TH' OLD LADY'S
GONE - LOOK
HIGH AND LOW,
BOYS - SHE
MIGHT TIP
OFF THE COPS!

LET'S
GET
GOING -
MOVE
ALONG
FAT BOY!



HA-HA! THEY'RE
LOOKIN' LOW
BUT NOT HIGH!



GET IN
THERE -
WE'LL TEND
TO YOU
LATER!

TUBBY-



SCRAPPY!
'GOSH-TH' WHOLE
NEIGHBORHOOD'S
BEEN LOOKIN'
FOR YA -
WHAT'S COOKIN'?

IT'S MY
STEP-UNCLE,
MYCROFT, AND
HIS LEAGUE
OF HUNTED
MEN! THEY'RE
ALL ESCAPED
CONVICTS AND
THIS IS THEIR
HIDEOUT!!



LET US GO? THEN
WHY'S HE GOT YA
DOWN HERE? HE'S
UP TO SOMETHIN' -
I CAN FEEL IT!
WE'VE GOTTA BE
UP THERE AT
TWELVE AND SEE
WHAT IT IS...
BUT FIRST -
LISTEN -



WE GOT ORDERS TO
CRUSH THESE TWO
AT THE SYRONS
OF TWELVE...
WHAT TH-! THEY'RE
GONE!!

IT
CAN'T BE -



UGH-!

I'LL
GET
TH-

AS THE THUG RUSHES AT SCRAPPY,
A HUGE FORM LEAPS AT HIM....



THE TWO BOYS LEAP FOR THE FIRST
THUG....



MEANWHILE MADAM FATAL
MAKES A DESPERATE
ATTEMPT TO ENTER DOOM
MANSION....



WHA! BETTER
NOT LOOK
DOWN...
HEAR VOICES
IN THERE!



IT'S ALMOST
TWELVE.
LAWYER
SNEAKS--
I'VE
ALREADY
TOLD YOU
SCRAPPY
NELSON'S
DISAPPEARED
AND HAVN'T BEEN
HEARD FROM!



I GUESS YOU WERE
RIGHT, MR. LEECH--
AS THE NEAREST
RELATIVE TO THE
LATE OWNER OF DOOM
MANSION, I'M GOING
TO TURN OVER HIS
FORTUNE AND
ESTATE TO YOU
AT EXACTLY
TWELVE!--

SUDDENLY THERE IS A VOICE
FROM THE OPEN BALCONY....

HE'S LYING--SCRAPPY
NELSON IS IN
THIS ROOM--
NOW --



WHAT
TH--! AN
OLD
LADY....

BLAST YA
ALL--HEY
BOYS!!

HEED!
I AM--

SCRAPPY--



AT LEECH'S CALL, HAPPOENED
THUGS POUR INTO THE ROOM...



WE'LL GET
RID O' THEM
BOSS!

GRAB TH
OLD LADY--

MADAM FATAL GOES INTO ACTION.



A THUG GOES FOR HIS GUN...



AS THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE THE BATTLE GOES ON...



A CRASHING BLOW KNOCKS OUT THE LAST THUG...



MYCROFT LEECH KNOWS HIS GAME IS UP...



WITH A FLYING LEAD LEECH DIVES FROM THE BALCONY...



HE'S DISAPPEARED... WE'LL FIND OUT LATER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM--IN THE MEANTIME WE'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE AND TELL THEM THE LEAGUE OF HUNTED MEN HAVE BEEN FOUL!



BELOW, A FIGURE DROPS FROM THE TREE AND SLINKS AWAY...



AND WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING WITH YOUR NEW FORTUNE, SCRAPPY?

I'M GOIN' TO JOIN UP WITH YOU TWO AND HELP FIGHT CRIME, MADAM PATRIOT-- THAT'S IF YOU'LL LET ME--HUH?



ALIAS the SPIDER

HE HUNTS THE BIGGEST OF ALL GAME-CRIMINALS BEYOND THE FAR-REACHING ARM OF THE LAW..



"TO ALL MY HEIRS, SAVE ONE, I LEAVE MY GHOST .. THAT THEY MAY BE TORMENTED BY IT AS THEY HAVE ME, BEFORE MY DAY OF JUDGEMENT!"

CANDLEWOOD CASTLE, TRANSPLANTED FROM ENGLAND LOOMS EERILY ACROSS A MOOR-LIKE SWAMP, COVERED BY A GREEN HOVERING MIST, WEATHER-BEATEN, AND IN THE DUST OF PAST UNOCCUPIED YEARS, THE CASTLE SPELLS DARK HORROR... FOR DEATH'S ICY HAND RULES, AS IT HAS FOR PAST DECADES....

ONCE AGAIN A FLICKERING LIGHT IN THE GREAT LIBRARY CASTS WAVERING SHADOWS OF A GROUP OF HEIRS, BROUGHT TOGETHER 15 YEARS AFTER THE DEATH OF THE LAST OWNER...



HE CAN'T DO THIS TO US - WE'LL BE PAUPERS!



"TO A GIRL-NOW BUT A CHILD, KIND AND UNDERSTANDING, I LEAVE ALL MY WORLDLY POSSESSIONS"

GOOD FOR GRANDPA! I WONDER WHO HIS HEIR IS?

HER NAME— AND BLESS HER HEART IS---

BEFORE THE LAWYER CAN GIVE THE NAME OF THE HEIR, THE LIGHTS GO OUT... AND A GHASTLY SCREAM FILLS THE ROOM!

THEN....THE HAND OF A SKELETON STRIKES A MATCH....



AND NONE OF YOU WILL LEAVE HERE ALIVE!



HEH.. HEH.. HEH!! NO ONE SHALL KNOW THE HEIR!!



OH, YEAH..? LIGHT A CANDLE SOMEBODY!



TOO BAD WE ALL HAVE TO DIE— EXCEPT ME! I'VE A GUN...AND I'M USING IT TO PROTECT MYSELF AND NO ONE ELSE...!! GET ME?

THE SKELETON'S GONE!!

YES— THE OLD GUY'S LAWYER SURE IS DONE FOR!!



AND HE'S ONLY THE FIRST OF US!



THE GLITTERING, RAZOR-SHARP KNIFE STREAKS UPWARD... THEN STOPS AS THE SKELETON'S HEAD TURNS TOWARD THE WINDOW!



AS QUICK AS A FLASH IT CLOSES THE PANEL... BARELY A SECOND BEFORE A BLAZING OBJECT RIPS INTO THE OLD OAK...



THE SEAL OF THE SPIDER!!

THE SPIDER! MAYBE NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S AT THE BOTTOM OF THESE GHASTLY MURDERS OF OUR FAMILY THROUGH GENERATIONS! THE SPIDER HASN'T HUNTED GHOSTS BEFORE-AND I'M SURE HE ISN'T HUNTING A GHOST NOW!!



IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT- I SHOULD BE ABLE TO PROVE IT FROM UP HERE!

MEANWHILE, THE SPIDER CLIMBS TO THE ROOF OF THE STATELY MANSION



THERE IT IS-A LIGHT MOVING UNDER THE FLAGSTONE WALK TOWARD THE FAMILY MAUSOLEUM!



I THOUGHT THERE WAS A SECRET TUNNEL UNDER THERE-IT SOUNDED HOLLOW AS I RAN ACROSS IT!



IF I HURRY I MAY BE ABLE TO BEAT "RATTLE-BONES" TO THE TOMB!



OH..OH.. I DIDN'T GET HERE ANY TOO SOON.. A TRAP-DOOR IS OPENING IN THE FLOOR!



LET THAT FOOL SPIDER LOOK FOR ME IN THE HOUSE...HEH.. HEH.. HEH.. SECRET PASSAGES ARE QUITE HANDY!





NOW TO FIND OUT WHO THE HEIR IS FROM THE WILL THEY THOUGHT I BURNED! ELAINE MARTIN—THE FIRST TO DO AWAY WITH



THAT'S VERY INTERESTING!



NO KNIFE THROWING AT ME, BUD!



NOW BACK AGAINST THAT WALL!!



HEH-HEH-HEH!!

AS THE SKELETON REACHES THE WALL, IT SUDDENLY DIVES FOR A SECRET LEVER..

.. AND A STEEL PARTITION DROPS IN FRONT OF THE SPIDER —



WHAT TH'?



HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE FOR YOU, MY CLEVER FRIEND! NOW TRY TO STOP MY PLANS!!

GAS-POISON GAS!



JUMPING CATFISH—THIS LOOKS LIKE MY FINISH! NO-WAIT—THE ROOF HERE IS MADE OF WOOD!



C'MON, BABY, START BURNING BEFORE THIS GAS SMOTHERS YOU!

THE DRY ROOF SOON
IGNITES AND BLAZES
FORTH WITH TERRIFIC
SPEED....



IT WORKED!
NOW TO GET
AFTER
THAT
KILLER!



AS THE SPIDER DASHES THROUGH
THE TUNNEL FROM THE MAUSOLEUM
TO THE CASTLE, A LIGHT FLASHES
AHEAD OF HIM....



M...MMM..



..HE SEES
THE SKELETON
DRAGGING
ELAINE
MARTIN
THROUGH
A
SECRET
PANEL!

HOLY SMOKES..
IT'S GOT THE
GIRL!!



GONE! ?? WHAT'S THIS?
TRACES OF PHOSPHOROUS PAINT!
THE GIRL MUST BE STILL ALIVE
AND STRUGGLING... PUSHING
THE SKELETON UP AGAINST
THE WALLS!



FOLLOWING THE SMALL TRAILS
OF PHOSPHOROUS PAINT, THE
SPIDER IS LED INTO THE SUB-
CELLARS OF THE CASTLE..



YOUR SPUNK SEEMS
TO HAVE LEFT YOU! LOOK
BELOW- AN UNDERGROUND
RIVER! IT WILL CARRY YOU INTO
THE SWAMPS AND BRING YOU
UP JUST BELOW A BROKEN
RAIL ON THE BRIDGE-"YOU
FELL IN AND DROWNED!"



NO-NO- YOU'RE PUSHING
ME TOWARD THE PIT!





THE SPIDER!



AS THE SKELETON TURNS THE SPIDER STRIKES WITH DYNAMIC POWER BEHIND HIS LUNGE....



NO YOU DON'T!



IN THE TERRIFIC STRUGGLE THE FIGURE DRESSED AS A SKELETON LOSES HIS BALANCE AND FALLS INTO THE PIT..



GRANDPA MARTIN! THEN HE WASN'T DEAD ALL THESE YEARS!

YOU'RE WRONG! HE ONLY LOOKS LIKE YOUR DEAD GRANDFATHER!



FIVE GENERATIONS AGO, LORD ASHLEY MARTIN HAD A TWIN WHOSE MIND WASN'T NORMAL! TO HIDE THE SECRET, THIS TWIN WAS DECLARED DEAD, BUT WAS KEPT IN THESE SECRET ROOMS. UNKNOWN TO THE FAMILY, THIS TWIN ESCAPED AND SORE REVENGE!



AS A NEW GENERATION WAS BORN INTO THE MARTIN FAMILY, THIS TWIN'S OFFSPRING KILLED THE OLD.. RIGHT DOWN THE LINE UNTIL NOW.. THE ONE THAT TRIED TO MURDER YOU WANTED MORE THAN REVENGE. HE WANTED CANDLEWOOD, AND DECIDED TO KILL OFF THE ENTIRE FAMILY!!!



HOW HORRIBLE

YES-BUT IT'S ALL OVER! YOU'LL FIND THE WILL YOU THOUGHT WAS BURNED IN THE MAUSOLEUM.. IT NAMES YOU AS THE HEIR TO CANDLEWOOD!!